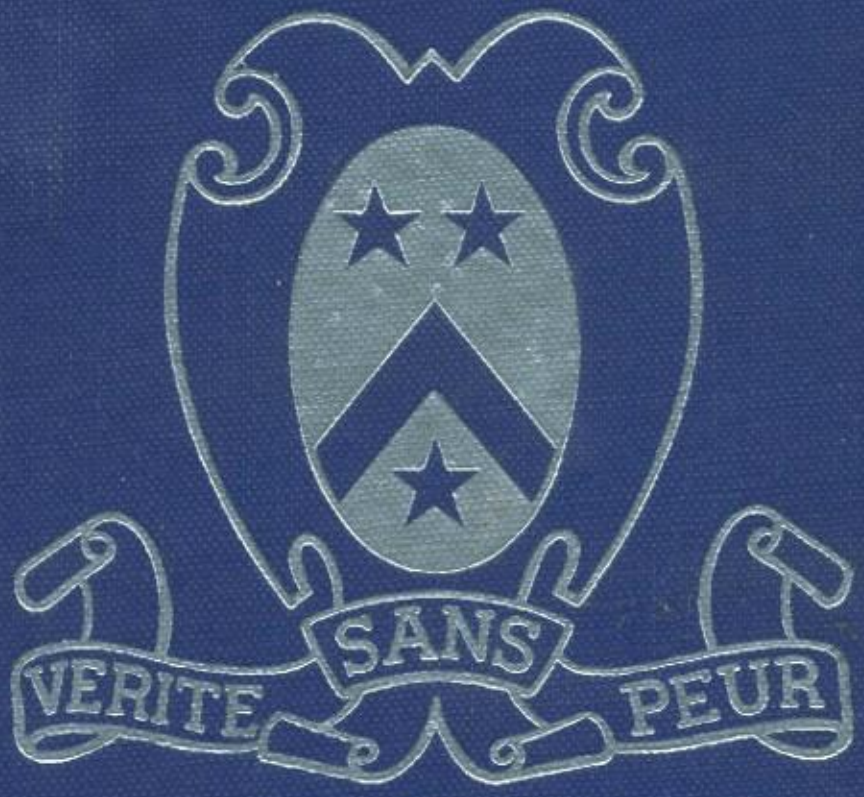
VERITE
SANS
PEUR

dear Crush, coush,
how are you? Big hockey
captain. Wowee! Gosherooloe!
I've got to go make the effort
to play tennis to-now.

Smack!
Sybil

Belin

THE STEWARD

St. Timothy's School

June, 1959

VOL. V

No. 2

THE STEWARD

St. Timothy's School Stevenson, Md.

Vol. V JUNE, 1959 No. 2

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DEDICATION

BECAUSE you gave width to our horizons, height to our ambitions, and depth to our understanding,

Because you taught us to think intelligently, and laugh seriously,

Because you included so much else that "does not necessarily concern English but is part of our education,"

And for the basis from which wisdom grows,

We dedicate our yearbook to you.

ROBERT LISLE

CLASS POEM

Here on the table,
In the midst of our green years,
In the midst of our hoping,
Our future-looking fears—
Here on the table
Lies a gift, wrapped in white,
A wide, blue ribbon tying
Up the inside from our sight.

Yet, we know the inside
With its flaming golden days,
The sparks of new-found interests,
And laughter's warming ways.
We all know the inside:
Yet, this gift, to each alone,
Holds a special, flashing spark
That she may call her own.

Here, now, in our hands,
As the echoes start to ring,
And the colors brightly flame
With the thankful songs we sing,
Here, now, in our hands
Is your gift, our gentle guide.
The outside steers our future,
For we know what lies inside.

Libbie F. Gerry, '59

SUSAN VAUGHAN BAKER

"Sue" *"Newt"*

17 Meadow Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland

SPIDER — Wellesley

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."
—*Wordsworth*

After abandoning her career at Wellesley and Harvard, Sue obtained a passport under the assumed name of Wooey Asparagus Newton, the Great; and, donning her sunglasses, travelled incognito to Paris to become a French cook. At present she is firmly established in her kitchen, where every morning at precisely 8:00, with glass of tomato juice in foot, she listens to the latest news on her T.S.F. Over the stove in the place of honor hangs a painting of Barlow, Jule, Ben, Will, and a Hindu. On either side in orderly rows hang various strange utensils, including a potato masher, vaguely resembling a tennis racquet and a ladle that looks like a golf club.

When Ichabod arrived from Salonaiki, she was wearing her red scarf, polo coat, red shoes, two Spider pins, and was somehow carrying not only a huge red pocketbook but also a suitcase containing, among other things, twenty pairs of shoes—very essential for a weekend, much more a residence. As she quiets the rabble, our Self-Gov member approaches the nearest Gendarme and inquires in her best French, "Avez-vous des fig-newts?"

MARY SHOTTER BARTHOLOMEW

"Polly" *"Pol-pol"*

Fellscrest Road, Essex Fells, New Jersey

BROWNIE — Mt. Holyoke

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee know all words are faint."
—*Belloc*

Pollyo, lately of Faculty House, is always the first to say, "Would you please repeat that" and the last to call "Good night, All." A peek at her room will divulge the cherished Brownie costume neatly arranged on the shelf and, on the bureau, beside the teensy scrap of yellow paper with reminders to herself in microscopic handwriting, the prized Brownie pin. Polly, a longtime member of Choir and Choral, may be found assisting Choral on Thursdays and on Saturdays arranging guided tours as Co-head of the Hospitality Committee. Barring these possibilities, if she is not in her room playing her beloved preludes or perhaps Gershwin, then she is inevitably down in the Music-Drama Building practicing. Pol is the only person who owns at least 150 sheets of music and keeps them in the piano bench in the Assembly Room. And who but Pol would have twin eight-year-old sisters and a personal interest in the Ed Sullivan Show! But this is not amazing, for anything can happen around our happy roommate.

SUSAN DAY BEATTY

"Daisy" *"Daze"*

111 Onwentsia Road, Lake Forest, Illinois

SPIDER Lake Forest College

"Then give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

—Mary Ainge DeVere

Amid a jumbled heap of shoes and clothes piled nine feet high on the floor of the closet a curly, dark head is seen as Daisy searches for her size-four tennis shoes. As she streaks up the path, her Spider scarf flapping behind her, she quickly reviews what she's going to say to her "neat" Spiders (who have already been filled with Daisy's bubbling enthusiasm). Although she's the smallest hockey captain in the history of St. Tim's, her spirit more than doubles her size. (However, she shouldn't use her teeth to slow down the ball.)

You haven't seen anything until you watch Dazel's preparation for bed. She spends the first fifteen minutes carefully folding down her bedspread "just right" so as not to muss her large collection of Spider banners. As she hops into bed with her supply of "kleenex" trailing behind her, we suddenly notice that the temperature in the room has dropped twenty degrees.

As if her goings-on at school weren't enough to dazzle anyone—a future billboard on Broadway may read: Daisy Beatty Starring in . . .

BROWNIE

ETHEL PEW BENSON

"Peppi" *"Bense"*

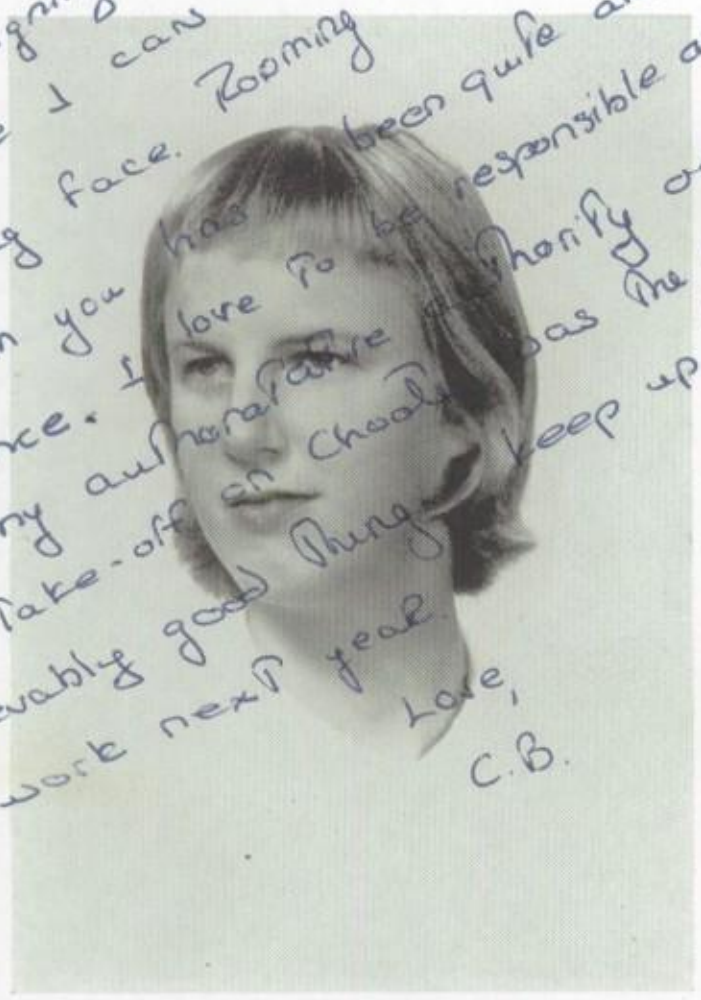
Dodds Lane, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

BROWNIE

"What we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence."

—Johnson

The redhead filly does not like to rise at early hours. The Hellenic Stable has had trouble getting her to the track on time, but once she enters a race she doesn't stop until dusk. She works diligently on divers courses, but always seems depressed with the unanswered fan mail—bills included. Aside from being a skilled hill-topper, she is also an avid Brownie fan as well as one of their high-jumping centers. On the hockey field she was a valuable member of the J.V., keeping her red head bent toward the ground and her eyes always on the ball. As Art Editor of the *Steward* she reveals her meticulous character, for each drawing is carefully and painstakingly done. She is always dressed in the latest fashions and dreams of returning to Europe to acquire more mohair sweaters. As Bense rounds the last lap, she is heard singing jubilantly, but she must not stop, as the switch-board is buzzing and flashing her victory. She accepts her award with a humble smile, showing her white rab-bit teeth, and walks toward the stable with a tired lope. Peppi has made it through another day.


Dear Lowell,
I am signing this purely as my
because I can cover up the same
charming face. Rooming on
hall with you has been quite an
experience. I love to be responsible and
exert my authoritative influence over you.
You're take-off on Chooly was the most
unbelievably good thing. Keep up the
good work next year.
Love,
C.B.

CYNTHIA BALLARD BETNER

"C. B." *"Ceebes"*

Spring Lane Farm, Malvern, Pennsylvania

SPIDER — Middlebury

"Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no uses."
—John Locke

I am the shadow of C. B., the tall, quiet creature with long, golden hair. Everyone always thinks she's very demure; but they labor under a misapprehension. Her sense of humor is very subtle, except in meetings when (by mistake) she says exactly what she means. Consequently the other shadows and I are never bored. Many times I have sat with her in the Assembly Room or down in the Music Drama Building while she has jotted down notes for Clippings. However, my favorite pastime is watching her pretend she's mad; she hunches up her shoulders and emits a monstrous scowl. But this is only one of her many antics (outside of Dramat, that is): she also likes to pretend she's a country bumpkin from "awa-a-ay out We-e-st"—that is, if she "ri-i-ghtly reeme-a-a-mbers". Sometimes I lose C. B. because she rides for hours over the Philadelphia prairies on her long-legged, illustrious thoroughbreds, or sometimes even steals off to Ireland. Recently she has become distracted and tends to hang all her postcards, pictures, and even Ishcabibble from a thread. I may be next!

CONSTANCE FRASER BIGELOW

"Connie" *"Con"*

1270 Goose Lake Road, White Bear Lake 10, Minnesota

BROWNIE — Briarcliff

"L'etoile du Nord."
—Minnesota State Motto

"What? Holy jumpin' joe-haser-fras, you found my Yale scarf in the Art Room? Oh, duh George! I guess I left it down there when I went to clean the place up. . . . Gow, *what* can I do about Relf?" (Translation: Ralph.) "You guessed her, Chester; he's just written me another letter comme d'habitude." ("Piglet," all sixty-one inches of her, stands there. Uncontrollable permanent engulfs a heart-shaped face and blue eyes.)

"Gow, I've got to go talk to Miss Bement right after Choral about travel plans on the Turbo-jet. I swear, that is the fastest plane—doesn't even *compare* with the piston engine DC-3 airliners. And speaking of planes, I'm so mad. I read the other day that the Ground Observer Corps is obsolete! There goes my life's ambition. . . . They've just had another tornado near White Bear. I hope it hits the highway construction company. The days of the Minnesota prairie are gone when they build highways across your pasture."

Ask her how to spell "cat" and she'll say "k-a-t." Ask her to make a Christmas card and she'll draw a masterpiece. If she *can* paint, can't spell, and speaks with a Mid-Western accent, you'll know it's Connie.

DELIA PATTESON BLAKE

"Patsy" *"Blake"*

Fox Run Lane, Greenwich, Connecticut

SPIDER Wheaton

"Gaiety. Song-and-Dance. Here we go round the Mulberry bush."
—Eeyore. A. A. Milne.

"Oh, why," snorts Blake, flourishing a ragged jump rope, "do I have to improve my tennis footwork in such an undignified fashion when I'm already so graceful from Modern Dance?" After a futile search for the scissors which her roommates have confiscated to prevent the hairline from rising above her eyes, Delia P. enthusiastically grabs her hockey stick and rushes out to play with Daze. However, you will not be greeted by such enthusiasm if you ask about the picture on the back of the door, for Patsy is very reluctant to talk to anyone about *that*, but is more than willing to expatiate on the life of the Greenwich commuter.

On Saturday mornings, after climbing out of her "pajamas" and eating breakfast, she hurries down to liven up the Lit Board meeting. Later, after completely exhausting her energy writing various letters to "My dear Mummy and Daddy" and both grandmothers, Blake's head appears around a corner and, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she plaintively inquires, "Hasn't anybody gotta nickel?"

MARY BUFORD BOCOCK

"Borsha" *"Bo"*

909 W. Franklin Street, Richmond 26, Virginia

SPIDER

"Who pleasure gives shall joy receive."
—Ben Franklin

All that we can see now in this fleeting glimpse is a streak of dark hair and a gay-colored Austrian hairband. Wild with joy and full of fun, our white-skinned Virginian cannot get through the day without sending her poor roommates into hysterical laughter at her ridiculous antics.

As head of Choral and leader of Sextet she makes the grade, in our judicious opinion, for there are few people who can outsing Frank Sinatra and harmonize equally well with Carol Laurence.

Her athletic ability is proven by two loyal years as a Spider guard and by winning this year a position on the Varsity. Where does she get all this energy? Maybe from her dressbox of ten-centses, or from her backlog of forty-odd nickels reserved carefully for cookies.

As she enthusiastically rushes off to A-squad, only these too-familiar words remain to fill the suddenly empty room: "Makesa so nice—Berta and Freddie, Bishby and Boozma—That's good thing?"

MARY POTTER BONSAL

"Bonse" *"Bonsal"*

102 Greene Street, Camden, South Carolina

BROWNIE — Briarcliff

"The mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

—*Burns*

Excuse me, miss—you're Mary Potter, aren't you? I thought so—you can tell by that tan tweed coat, highly-polished black boots, and velvet riding hat—a model of perfection. Well, I'm the reporter from *Horseman's Chronicle* and . . . You say your new pastime is fighting furiously for the Red and Brown? My dear, *what* hunt club is that? You say it's not a hunt club? Well, is it true that you're considering a job at dear old Camp Asquam after a recent tea in Baltimore where you saw some of your "buds"? An Entertainment tea? Appoint someone to meet the speaker? Who? Cousy Philly, the one whose pictures cover your mirror? What *are* you talking about? I am not in the slightest bit concerned about which of the five luncheon invitations for this weekend you should accept nor any of your other social problems. What I wanted . . . No, I have not seen your art teacher—you mean to say that you've gotten recommendations for the painting of a black crow? Aren't you hunting foxes anymore? Never mind, I'll just quote you as having said, "Oh laws!"

KATHARINE HONE EMMET BRAMWELL

"Kitty"

77 Bayard Lane, Princeton, New Jersey

SPIDER — Colby Junior

"Outward beauty is not enough . . . words, wit, play, sweet talk and laughter surpass the work of too simple nature."

—*Petronius*

Announcer: And now the voice of our mystery guest . . .

Miss X: Hi, ho! I'm really sorry I'm late, But I just got back from a Spider-Sub meeting.

Announcer: We understand you've recently been doing a great deal of thinking on many problems of this day and age and have just written a book—would you care to discuss it?

Miss X: So solly Cholly—I mean, well, another time—I've got to . . . *(Buzzing sound)* What! I'm on the air? *(Her voice lowers 2 octaves)* Hello, people . . .

Announcer: Can you guess her name? Well, here's a clue. She's a member of Choir and Sextet. Please sing a few notes for us, Miss X.

Miss X: Tammy, Tammy, Tammy's in love . . .

Announcer: She has dramatic ability and is Treasurer of Dramat.

Miss X: It's mine—it's Possy—absolutely POSSY!

Announcer: She will undertake daring assignments, such as attending a N.Y. dance in a leg cast. She also made a splendid production of Take Offs. Surely you know who it is . . . Of course . . . Kitty!

ISOBEL BRYAN BRAWLEY

"Azel" *"Bel"*

"Casa Maria," Greenwood, Virginia

SPIDER Hollins

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

—*Byron*

There is a little girl who has abundant curls all over her head—in fact she spends most of the time trying to "dekink" them. All winter she hibernates in a huge raccoon coat and shivers under four blankets every night.

Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon she barrels into either Choral or Choir and proceeds to amuse everyone with her large repertoire of facial contortions, until she is asked to sing a serious solo for Sextet. To let off steam Isobel may be found making up new steps to convey the feeling of some song or cheerleading with wild enthusiasm. When she's not explaining to her roommates why she's the only Six who's never been to New York, she may be found with Mrs. Finnegan, discussing the latest fashions at St. Tim's, or typing for the *Steward*. On occasional weekends she has been known to take off for Alexandria, Va., for football games, and once returned to start a measle epidemic at St. Tim's. This epidemic proved to be a theme upon which Miss Brawley wrote a poem, promptly winning some contest. Very definitely Isobel has her fingers in many pies.

FLORENCE TALBOTT BRYAN

"Flossie" *"Floss"*

211 Ampthill Road, Richmond 26, Virginia

SPIDER Smith

"Jest and youthful jollity
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

—*Milton*

In the theatre the curtain rises. Flossie sashays across the stage with blinking eyes, arching brows, and an undiminished spirit, despite the fact this is the 369th performance. This success has led to a sad social situation: she has had to regret countless invitations to college weekends—just as at St. Tim's, where her position as Head of Dramat kept her occupied over the weekends. Nevertheless, she has declined with a grin, and a shrug, always looking on the bright side as any Spider mascot would. Finally she has a woman's part, singing soprano in Choral, which is quite a change from her roles in Dramat. The call boys have figured out that all those telegrams addressed to J.J.K. belong to her.

The reporters who interview her after the performances have always found her willing and eager to talk on her varied topics of conversation: her trips to Europe, Egyptian mummies, and the controversial editorials of *The Richmond News Leader*. However, Miss Bryan cannot be kept a moment longer as she must catch the train. She will have a long wait at Princeton Junction.

AMY LEWIS CHAPIN

"Chapin" *"Chape"*

2027 Hillyer Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

BROWNIE — Bryn Mawr

"I always see both points of view,
The one that's wrong and mine."

—*Anon.*

If you hear someone start the week by saying on Monday, "I have once-a-week French today and I can't remember what the assignment was," and end on Friday with "We're missing one . . . blue bloomer";

If you hear the Faculty House door slam and hear a hearty laugh precede a pounding foot;

If you notice a deep, alto voice singing "those impossible low notes" in Choral;

If you see a Brownie sub jumping for the sky in basketball;

If you see numerous apple cores, a typewriter without a margin, and a light blue-and-white scarf (knitted by herself);

If you hear yourself repeated word for word;

If you see guests being escorted by the efficient Co-Head of the Hospitality Committee, who runs the Committee, the other Co-Head, and the guests with a competent hand;

If you are always greeted by a warm Hello and a cheery Goodnight;

You know our Amy.

MARGARET DICKINSON CHASE

"Maggie" *"Max"*

6207 Three Chopt Road, Richmond 26, Virginia

SPIDER — Wheaton

"It is a friendly heart that has many friends."

—*Anon.*

There is an old painting hanging on the wall of a Florentine villa that reminds us of Max. The figure is small, draped decorously in the latest Italian style; but conspicuously at her feet is a bright green costume that makes us suspect that she is the enthusiastic Spider mascot. On a piano in the background is an orderly pile of crinkly letters, airmail from Europe, and lots of postcards with classic sculptures. But suddenly Maggie breaks in a mischievous grin. You can see how delighted she is that she fooled us into thinking she was an old-fashioned, inanimate painting. "Yeah man, that was a swall joke! Now you swall kids, gotta be going." With that the straight, black hair disappears around the corner. On her way to Choral or Self-Gov, she runs into Miss Bement, who is just wondering which tag she needs on her well-traveled plaid suitcase—red for Charleston, blue for New York, or green for Richmond. Max scratches her head in a puzzled way: "I haven't decided, but I'll let you know definitely. Bye-now."

JANE WEBSTER CHOATE

"Janie"

Brookville, Glen Head, New York

BROWNIE

Middlebury

"Nice never was a saint without guile." —Russian Proverb

If you ever hear loud noises from Carter House and decide to investigate, you'll find it's Choate, "doin' a what comes natcherly." A lot of things come naturally to Janie, especially athletics. As Captain of the Brownies, she led her elves to victory and wrapped the Spiders up as tightly as the Brownie scarf she always wears. Her red hair quickly identifies her at hockey and basketball games around Baltimore, not to mention tennis matches. She is also an active member of Choral and Choir. One can always tell if she is in Room G by the strains of "Peter Pan" and "Annie Get Your Gun," or by blasts of cold air from windows thrown wide open.

On the academic side, she is equally forceful in Current Problems, except when Miss Bradley confiscates her valuable papers from the back of Study Hall. You'd be exhausted if you followed Choate around; but when you finally caught up with her at the end of the day, you'd find her carefully rolling up her Brownies and banners in her bedspread (for easy arrangement the next morning) before trying to get some scarce sleep.

BARBARA COLEMAN

"Barbi" "Barbs"

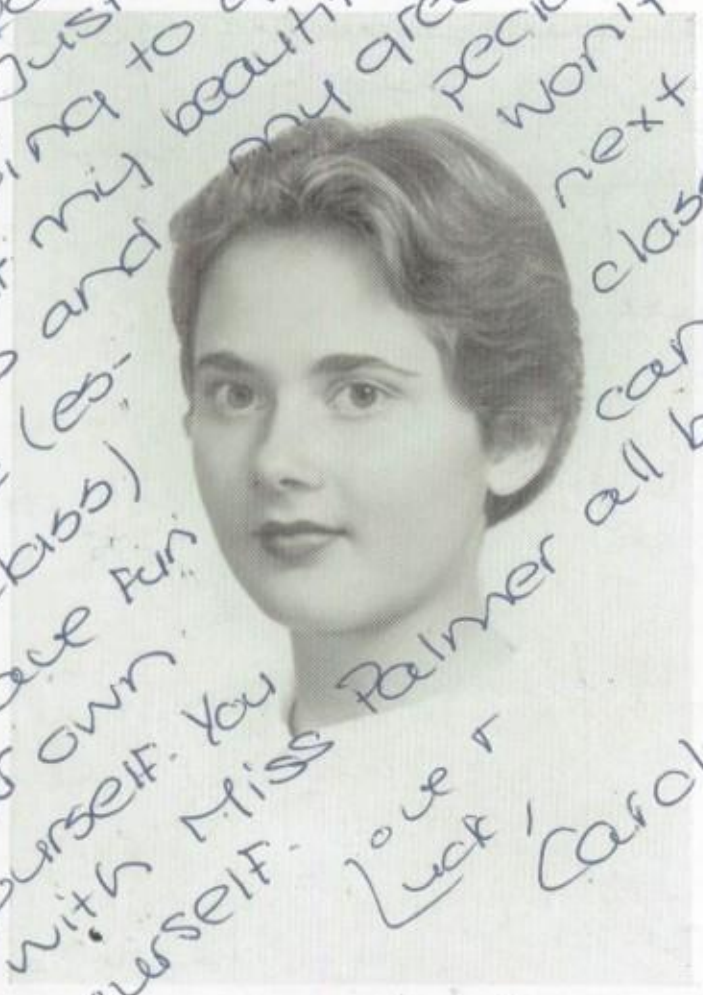
333 Woodland Road, Lake Forest, Illinois

"Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered . . ." —Richard Rogers

Here lies Barbi Coleman; may she rest in peace—smothered in the beautifying products of Elizabeth Arden. Her myriads of freckles are now totally hidden by a shroud of Sensation Creme and by her once *très chic* coiffure. Before she passed into her present state, Barbi was frequently seen snuggled under a quilt with Herman, the dog. Well-known for her fine horsemanship, she often went fox-hunting wearing a black habit and "sturdy brown lace-ups," which became necessary on the day her arches fell. She lived a full life; not only was she a Spider Sub, but also counted among those who kept messy people neatly dressed.

Our beloved Barbs used to return from vacations with hilarious stories of parties in Chicago and New York, as well as a collection of movies taken in Canada. Every Sunday night she could be found in the phone booth; the rafters would resound with "Mummy, I can't hear you . . . Speak up!"—accompanied by Mrs. Finnegan's earnest pleas for quiet.

As the coffin is borne away by four MALE pallbearers, a sign appears from under the lid: "See you in Florence."



Dear Poor-mate. You going to get along without my beautiful corr-ments and my great intel-ligence (es-pecially in Math class) I won't you have fun next year in your own class all by yourself. You can ar-by yourself. Love & Luck! Carol, que with Miss Palmer all

CAROLINE CONVERSE

River Road, Route 2, Richmond, Virginia

SPIDER — Hollins

"So of cheerfulness, or a good temper, the more it is spent, the more of it remains."

—Emerson

Jumping up and down on her bed, Carol exclaims, "Goodnight, I'm not *always* in bed!" Leaping suddenly from the bed, she wraps her carefree arms around her leotard which she puts on for Modern Dance. "I just live for Wednesday's class."

Then suddenly comes "the" question: "Don't you think my hair's gotten longer? I do. Oh, somebody remind me when it's time for Choral."

We are not surprised anymore when Carol says she has made someone think of a song by her mental telepathy or when she starts imitating electrons in an armature. "I do not remember *every* little thing," she will say. At least she will remember her villainous roles in mysterious tales made on her famous tape-recorder.

"Oh, can I, can I? I love switchboard." Then pushing up the long sleeves of one of her sweaters, she heads for the Sixes' Room for those "ten minutes" before Study Hall.

At night when she gets into bed, Carol lines up her peanuts on the top of her peanut cookies and slips under the blankets to dream. But wait, she hasn't said goodnight. "Goodnight, ya all."

DORCAS OAKLEY CUMMINGS

"Tabby" *"Dorc"*

Laurel Hollow, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, New York

BROWNIE — Villa Mercedes

"Them that asks questions, gets answers."

—Anon.

Scene: Never-Never-Land where two lost boys are looking for someone to replace Wendy.

1st L.B. We want someone friendly, always in a good humor and cheery and smiling.

2nd L.B. She has such pretty golden hair. And look, she's been Assistant Head of C.C.C.

1st L.B. She can draw us lots of lovely pictures, like she did for the scenery committee and the ones she puts on her history notes.

2nd L.B. I know she can answer our questions, 'cause she's asked so many and she knows lots of answers.

1st L.B. She talks French—even in her sleep!

2nd L.B. She won't need to learn how to fly; she can bring her father's helicopter.

1st L.B. Oh, look, she's put a condition on coming . . . (He reads) . . . insists she be allowed to wear her St. Tim's blazer at all times, buttoned up and decorated with her Russian medals.

2nd L.B. O.K.—*You* write; *I'll spell*—T-A-B-B-Y C-U-M-M-I-N-G-S—and don't forget the "s."

BARBARA CURRIER
"Babo" "Babs"
45 Edgehill Road, New Haven 11, Connecticut
BROWNIE

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."
—Junius

6:30 A.M.—"Dobroe Utro"—Russian Class
7:00 A.M.—Back to bed
7:20 A.M.—Bottom sheet meticulously straightened; Yale banner fanatically laid on blanket. Rush to breakfast . . . (Memo: zip up skirt)
8:00 A.M.—Listen to news—while brushing teeth
8:35 A.M.—Announcement in Study-Hall (Memo: keep cool—don't BLUSH!)
10:47 A.M.—History class (Memo: do English)
1:29 P.M.—Talk to Mrs. Palmer
2:15 P.M.—Physics Lab—"What did he say to do, Bets?" (Memo: a reactor is an atomic pile)
3:15 P.M.—"A" basketball—strategy
4:20 P.M.—Choir (Memo: learn solo)
5:15 P:M:—Sextet
6:00 P.M.—Run Self-Gov (Memo: talk to Miss Watkins)
8:30 P.M.—Dramat (Memo: "I must, I must. . . .")
9:59 P.M.—Close closet doors
10:30 P.M.—Dream and mumble of Brownie Team flying to Alpha Centauri in a dodecahedron rocket.

LUCILE DAVIS
"Lulie" "Lules"
755 North Washington Road, Lake Forest, Illinois
SPIDER

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."
—Cervantes

Newspapers are all you can see above a polo coat, and a well-worn blue-and-yellow scarf as Lules plows into the room. However, if you look closely, above the headlines appears a tousled blonde head followed by a pair of well-arched eyebrows. In a flash, Lucile has thrown her papers on the bed and is off in a cloud of dust to the cookie machine. After indulging in the pleasures of life, she may be heard as she prods the rafters with her hockey stick. . . . "Who stole my clown? Woe to them that did the deed! Oh, you all are hateful! He got all dirty." And she rescues her cherished clown from his dizzy perch.

Commonly found either practicing solos for Choir or filing her nails, Lucile never ceases to keep her ears open for the latest Lake-Forest Tids, and the world news. Kept well busy between phone calls from Foffie and Shaun, she always finds time somehow to lend a hand to her beloved Spiders or write up the latest event for Clippings.

Dear Lowell,
Perhaps I told you this at some point but before your first year your father (who's a friend of my father's) told me you were going to St. Jim's and that I should see how you did. Well I guess I didn't have to "see how you did" because you've made a terrific place for yourself anyway — Congratulations on your many positions — and good luck with Brainiac. I hope you do get a chance to use it because it really is fun and sometimes complete relaxation which you'll need at some point — I predict. No advice on responsibilities is in order I feel, because you know what you think and just follow that through. Please don't be too upset about our little Math meetings because you'll find out soon enough what they're about.
There was a Lowell named Belin who for hockey + ball (basket) had a feelin at Math she excelled and never was felled by ANYTHING.
Babs
P.S. - I know you will be a wonderful hockey captain but you can't help but to have a good season - love again

Dear Lowell,
I can say in all seriousness that I will miss you next year. We had such a good time with the Spiders, and even though you're not on the Spiders next year - I was always like you! Keep on helping like you needed like yours and be a Spirit badly. Welcome back and planning to come back and take you and Dickerman out to lunch next Thanksgiving, but since the colleges have had the bad taste to turn me down I just ought to Chicago.
Have a wonderful year and I'll see you in Boston Thus summer.
love
Lucile

Dear Lowell,
Well, old sis! - you really had done a terrific job this year. Really was neat fun watching you running around the hockey field. Good luck next year as Captain and hope you have an undefeated season. Give Betty all the back as possible as I am sure you will. And lead those Spiders to a VICTORY! It is imperative. Congrats on being a permanent set-up member -
You've really got a good day and I say hard to give Miss Watkins all the support you all can —
Love Alloe
P.S. Thanks for being such a terrific T.V. center guard.

ALICE HAYWARD ENOS

"Alloe" "Wals"

99 Park Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut

SPIDER Bradford

"My method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming."
—J. Swift

"Off with their heads," Queen Wallo said in a low voice, and took a moment to rest on her royal green throne. She was a bit winded after rushing around the court with the Varsity and Spider teams, and after making goals in Varsity Hockey games. Besides, she must write decrees to her mother, brother, sisters, huskie puppy, two-headed planaris (which in the meantime dried up), and Indian tribes. She is not like most queens, for she can do many things, even run Switchboard. She can find anything among her vocab and studio cards, unless it is a black dress or white blazer. We are delighted when she sings along in a Choir voice with her musicians—The Kingston Trio (up two octaves though). Taking her smallest finger out of her mouth, tilting her chin, she pauses to adjust her two golden waves of hair (for Wallo does not believe in crowns). She is a member of the council that makes our laws. It is whispered abroad that she is advocating the opening of all windows and the pardoning of all offenders—except those who leave long-playing records around. She is a mother of her people, as all Queens ought to be.

Dear Jo-Lo:
So glad you have become one of the co-operative and responsible members of the "school" and not a "disturbing element".
As we have been notoriously labelled.
Sorry I was so long for the drum roll - but that was you).
Love Alloe
→ Freshman?

MARGARET KANE GEER

"Margo" "Geerzi"

Tuxedo Park, New York

BROWNIE Sarah Lawrence

"There was never a great genius without a tincture of madness."
—Aristotle

Hello, Trans-World Airlines? This is Margo Geer. I want to make another reservation—to Austria, this time. Would you please make it on a plane which has some strange people on it who will amuse me—preferably writers, as I would like to discuss my latest poem with them. But it would do if you have an exotic painter, or even some big man around the Stock Market who can advise me on my investments. I love to invest, especially in "vast-sounding" projects which will stimulate world economy. Well, I hope you've got everything straight; I have to leave on a ski trip now. Bye.

Excited Airlines Man to Friend:

Wow! That's no ordinary girl—let me tell you. In the last few years, just during vacations from Sarah Lawrence, she has made 898 trips to 602 places. She knows just about everyone worth knowing from here to Moscow. And as for looks—those big, blue eyes staring out from under that black, cloche hat really send me! But I guess I can only dream—every time she gets ready to go on a trip, there are about fifteen competitors waiting to see her off.

LIBBIE FARISH GERRY

"Lib" *"Libbo"*

Wheatley Road, Westbury, Long Island, New York

SPIDER Vassar

"It is the best of all trades to make songs, and the second best to sing them."

—Belloc

Modern Jazz Scale

Ambitions and Aspirations: "People, English, Music."

Goalie for the Varsity Hockey Team.

Faculties: Writing up the Self-Gov minutes between 9:58 and 10:00 on Monday night ("keeky pooh!"); being on time to Tuesday Choir rehearsals; composing songs which are as catchy and contagious as her cheering smile.

Extracurricular Activities: Secretary of Self-Gov; Head of Choir; Spider Sub; Sextet.

Diversions and Interests: Jazz—especially Ella Fitzgerald and Jackie Gleason ("toot!"); books of all kinds, shapes, and sizes—above all, poetry, and a good golf game.

Characteristics: Meticulously curled hair; a multicolored plaid scarf which is worn absolutely everywhere.

ANN PARRISH HILL

"Hunky" *"Hillsy"*

2510 Montrose Court, Charlotte 7, North Carolina

SPIDER Duke University

"I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views."

—*A. Lincoln*

"This is Jim Carroll, your A.B.C. reporter, coming to you from the lobby of the U.N. General Assembly, where there has been a heated debate on the question of cold air in the rooms at night. I hope to get some statement on this problem. The first delegate to leave the Assembly is Miss Ann Hill, who, besides being the able representative of both the Current Events Board and the Seminar on International Relations, also heads the Services Committee. She must be on her way to a game, as she is dressed in her blue-and-white cheerleading uniform, which accents her auburn-tinted hair. Excuse me, Hunky, do you have anything to say?"

(Sarcastically) "Naturally! Don't I always! About this window jazz—unless they communalize quilts, I intend to be firmly negative. How can I maintain my Mahatma-Gandhi figure or my sweet solo voice while enduring all that cold air! I can't have that and practice abstinence, too. Mama and I argue about it; she says it dulls the mind. I can't even remember the New Delegates' (New Girls') names. Cold air—how ridiculous!"

"Just one small item, Miss Hill. Is this the year to spell your name with an 'e' or not?"

NATHALIE HUBBARD

"Nat" *"Nat'lie"*

468 Walnut Street, Brookline 46, Massachusetts

BROWNIE Radcliffe

"The fairest garden in her looks;
And in her mind the wisest books."
—*Abraham Cowley*

Future Book Review:

Miss Hubbard, author of *How To Produce Magazines and Yearbooks, by Gum*, can properly be considered a native of "Bohston." In a recent interview, speaking in her Bostonian accent, she said Boston had *great* personality and, besides which, was near Maine. (Ayuh) This love for Maine is quite evident: *The Steward* was not organized, but rather *auganized*. However, there is a strong theory that this *auganization* came not from Maine but from "lessons" in Russian. But "panic not," a Russian Revolution is not starting, though the Class of '59 *did* see Irish blood flare up.

In her school career Miss Hubbard was often found transporting her knitting or crocheting around in the pocket of her Japanese wrapper. Then armed with her love of Math, she made a successful "early entrance."

We heartily recommend her four-volume book to all interested in school publications, but add that it is calculated to keep *anyone* in suspense. The entire work was written with her red pen, set in linotype, and dedicated to Mr. Lisle and Mr. Silvers. No one who knows Natalia would be surprised to find the preface signed "Lovenat."

ELIZABETH PRINGLE HUGER

"Lizzy" *"Lige"*

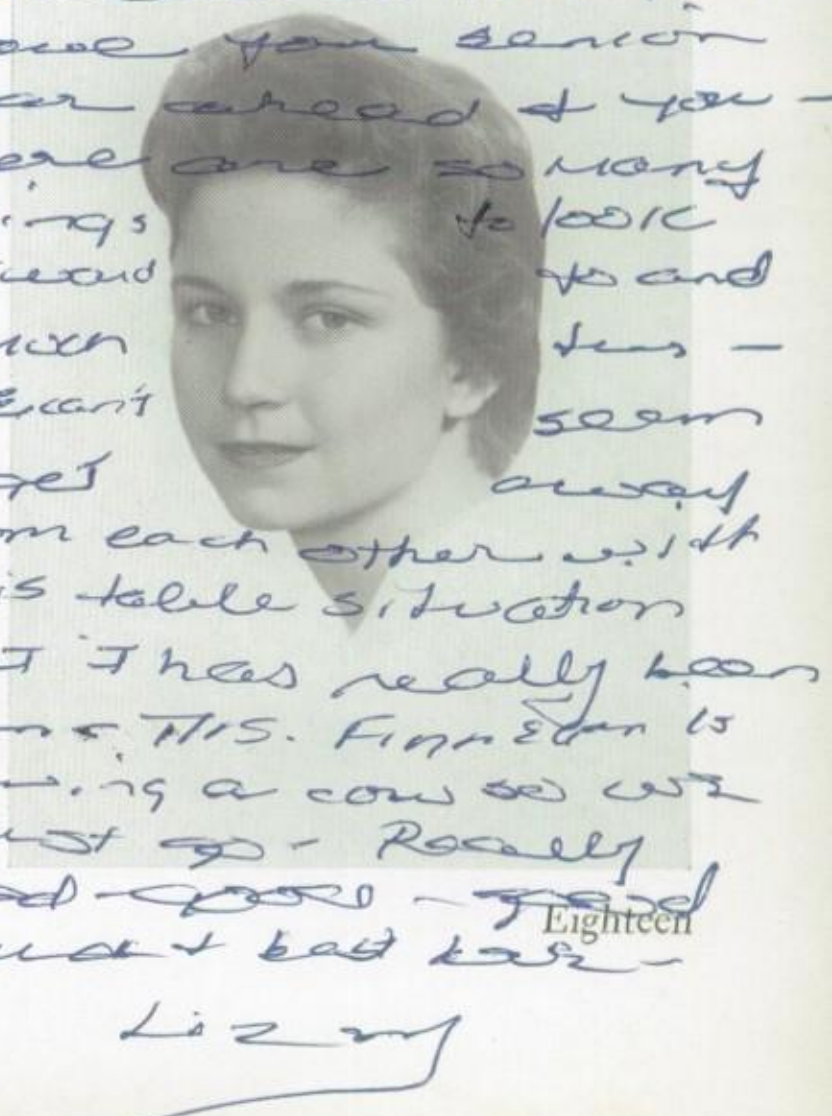
12 Church Street, Charleston, South Carolina

BROWNIE

"And those about her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."
—*Shakespeare*

Sorry, folks, we really are *trying* to get the camera eye on the newly-elected queen of the South, Miss Elizabeth Huger, but the crowds are pressing around the blue-and-white platform, cheering her wildly. Since her return from school last year, she has once again become as well-loved here at home as she was at St. Tim's. Well . . . erh . . . our man can't seem to get Miss Huger on camera so . . . ah . . . while we have this moment let me tell you a bit about the new queen. As president of her class she was mother to her children and leader of her people. . . . If the camera can get a close-up, you will be able to see the two Brownie pins she was awarded. Her angelic voice won her a place in Choir, where she joined the high sopranos. Her voice lowered a few octaves, though, when she started cheerleading; and she became well-known for her great loud shouts at Varsity games. Well, finally the crowd has started to calm down, and all you viewers can get a look at your new queen . . . Miss Huger . . .

"Hi y'all . . ."



Love, Francie

Cheers!

Trees would be scared enough of you to have a crush on you - that would be absolutely disastrous!

FRANCES HART JACKSON

"Francie" "Jackson"

Bedens Brook Road, Skillman, New Jersey

SPIDER Wellesley

"They say she is quiet and demure;
We who know better smile and say nothing."
—Sheridan

19 tx's + 3 coats, 1 boot, and 1 scarf ÷ organization = 1 excellent Order Committee Head.

3 essays × proofreading ÷ the square root of many literary suggestions = 1 vital member of Lit Board.

1 unit A squad × sine J.V. + ∞ (Spider spirit and songwriting) = 1 Spider Sub.

1 member of alto section + sweet voice of Shakespeare's Ophelia = Choral.

Work × Jackson perseverance = "early entrance."

1 coefficient of Princeton × sailing ÷ 1 "angelic" look = Francie.

Dear Lowill... Math won't be the same next year without you (you contribute so much to the class!) Do hurry and get to Wellesley so I can miss you so I'll probably wash next year I demand you could never have gotten elected to both Self-Gov and Hockey Captain!! Am coming back next year to watch your play in the Thanksgiving game get going, too! When I come I'll bring all sorts of optimistic reports about prospects for college — then you'll make it no need to worry. Suis pretty in Sextet - it'll be good experience anyway. You might cultivate an operatic tone. Hope you enjoy those History books this summer - dig in! Don't ever get them — you'd look all wrong, and besides, no little

MARTHA JANE NOLAND

"M.J." "M.Jls"

206 James River Drive, Newport News, Virginia

SPIDER

"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."
—Edward Boliver-Tufton

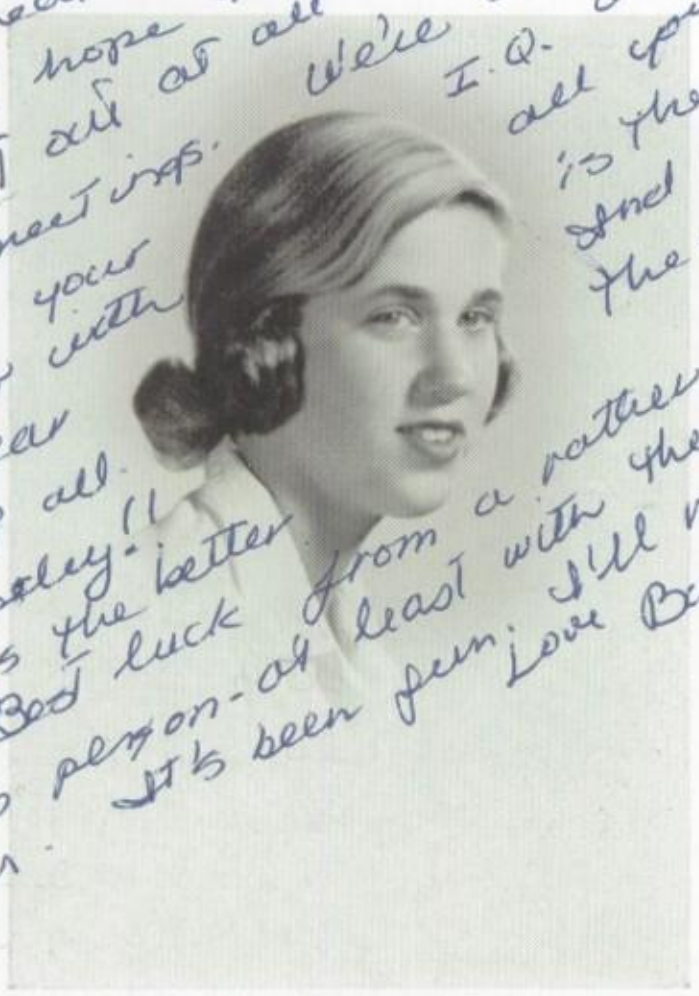
That small figure plodding down the walk could almost be a little Dutch boy, sporting an outgrown, navy pea-jacket, and an old sailor hat perched on a short haircut. Why! . . . it must be M.Jls. Now we are sure, for she is wearing her favorite skirt, her grey-uniform one.

Being a Spider-Team member for three years is quite an accomplishment, but even that seems a small token for all it implies—enthusiasm, great spirit, and fierce determination. Her sincere and amiable ways have also won her a permanent position on Self-Gov.

Our industrious Co-Head of Charities believes in planning ahead: every night she says, "Please wake me up at the first bell." So, all three of us concentrate on waking up at 6:45 ourselves to get her up. But all in vain, and we have long since learned that prodding her is an exhausting and futile task. The most we can ever get is a phrase or so, mumbled at about 7:15: "Why didn't you wake me up?"

Whether foggy in the morning or radiant in the evening, M.J. keeps her corner of the room just the same—a little area of happiness in which she makes us all ever welcome.

Dear Howell.—
Absolute congrats on all those elections.
Just great. I hope you haven't fleet too left all of all our senior meeting. We're such little devils. I.Q. as class meetings. Besides your all your keep up with is the most Neef year and come to fun of all. the more Wellesley! I Spiders the better. Bad luck from a rather dumb person—at least with the slave driver. It's been fun. I'll miss you. Love Barbie



BARBARA BORIE PATON

"Barb" "Barboo"

Tarrytown Road, Pleasantville, New York

SPIDER Wellesley

"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it."

—*Hare*

Title: Barbi

Introduction: Typical hairstyle. Knitting. Wish for extra time for enjoyment. Proverbs, such as "Set your hair at night and feel better in the morning."

Table of Contents (Talks about): Cooperstown. Horses. Sister.

Story: Once upon a time there was an impulsive little girl who had great courage in her convictions and proved so by stamping on the floor. Her thoughtfulness to others was so great that often she pardoned those who had huge library fines. Her great Spider spirit and skill made her a jovial Spider-Team Sub. Her ability to philosophize was greatly enlarged by extensive intellectual reading; and her well-known adages often brought a peaceful end to room arguments which usually concerned music. (She has never been able to let music lull her to sleep.) In her own little imaginary world of bedbeasts and boys, she finds time to enjoy herself and will live happily ever after.

Index: Exercises, Five courses, Golf, Head of Alumnae Library, Sixes' Room Assistant, Spider Team Sub.

MARIA DUCEY RYERSON

"Mimi" "Mims"

333 Lee Street, Brookline 46, Massachusetts

BROWNIE Wheelock

"There is no courage but in innocence;
No constancy, but in an honest cause."

—*Southern*

"La! Eth! Hurry upstairs, I've got the phone now." (This is BIG sister organizing her brood for the once-a-week phone call to Boston.)

"Hello? Mums? Murder!—The most horrible thing happened—I forgot to tell you we'll need travelling money for our weekend. Remember what happened last time . . . in the middle of LaGuardia without a dime! . . . Oh, the box from Bonwit's came—I love the brown pocketbook and the shoes are *divine*. . . . You've been at the Vincent all *day*? Gosh, Mums! All the provisional members are getting advertisements now, aren't they? Ooh, I can't *wait*. . . . This week was dreadful—I forgot all about a Charities meeting and almost missed Choral. . . . Oh, is Ba there? I haven't had time to write to tell her that I got the adorable sweater she made me and she must be just *frantic!* Well, Mum, Eth wants to talk to you so I gotta run." (Off goes Jeff to tell Mutt the news of Beantown, singing as she goes . . . "Boston, Boston, nose in the air. . . .")

AMANDA SCHIFFER

"Schiff"

Hat Ranch, Kaycee, Wyoming

BROWNIE — Wellesley

"Modesty is a candle to thy merit."

—Henry Fielding

As our lone representative from the West, Amanda has certainly given us "greenhorns" in the six class a good introduction to prairie life. Not only has she foiled every evil-intentioned horse at St. Timothy's, but she has become the Head of the Riding Club, which, incidentally, rides in the English style. Our wooly-haired cowgirl also wrangled her way onto Self-Gov.

Amanda is always volunteering to do things and has an astonishing way of getting them done before anybody even realizes it. She is an invisible power behind the Order Committee, continually rounding up stray articles; and what in the world would Dramat do without Amanda's organized and talented stage crew? In Heath House, she has won fame as a never-failing human alarm clock, especially useful to early-church goers.

Since she became a member of the Wellesley contingent in December, Amanda has sometimes had a rather depressing effect on some of her roommates by continuing to work in that positively indefatigable manner without relaxing for a moment. But in spite of the fact that she always seems busy winning Goldens and other honors, no one could say that Amanda didn't have a kind word even for the silliest dude in all St. Tim's.

Take care of my buffalo — PLEASE!!

Dear Lowell-ku
This is only a memo
because I will be arriving
by Stork toward the end of
September. I will gladly give you
all my people to put to bed - dear, you can
and I know more original than I
say much to say to them request that
things to you all keep a
next spring. Much love,
door that Isolt of
the proper time.
the multi orange peels - you're the
only one who ever thinks of
them. Good luck and
saddest love every minute
next year.
Love, Manda

MARGARET STONE SIMMONS

"Biso" *"Bitsy"*

Converse Point, Marion, Massachusetts

SPIDER — Garland

"The wicked obey for fear; the good for love."

—Aristotle

Dear Pete,

I've just made gingerbread, chocolate cake, cocoanut macaroons, and soup in the Sixes' Room. But don't worry—I don't eat my own cooking. Right now I'm about to relax from Spider cheerleading in an Elizabeth Arden-scented porcelain bath.

I've just redecorated the room in plastic for this week's display. All the material came from the Art Room, where I spend most of my spare time creating pastels of Antigua, with its rocky coral cliffs, sparkling white beaches, and the ever-turbulent waters. Have you noticed I've developed the style of Archibald MacLeish, my next-door neighbor? I just got a pair of purple tapered slacks. Doesn't that sound *crunchy!*

I have just been playing some of my favorite records, especially Johnny Mathis, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, and the Platters. But you know, I've always told you it's a man's world.

Love,

P.S. Allez-vous. . . . — PEG

VOLINA FULLERTON VALENTINE

"Vee"

530 East 86th Street, New York 28, New York

BROWNIE — Smith

"Don't make tragedies of trifles;
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles;
Laugh it off—"

—Anon.

The Greek (American) Treasury
of Homer (oops, Humor)

Valentine, Volina F.

Definition: ? *Synonyms:* None.

See Also: Charities, Choral, Dramat, Steward.

Comments: The noble tragedian has again performed a class tragedy: she has lost the scotch tape for her glasses. Yesterday our Brownie sub for the Olympic games arrived in the Room LArena, sprawled on the floor and began bicycling in the air.

"Looks stimulating," said a spectator.

"I know," said Vee. "Do you realize that my planaria actually grew two heads? How's that grab ya? I'm as busy as a Vee—to buzz or not to buzz—that is the question—yolk, yolk. . . ." At this moment the gladiators from the adjoining room came charging past Vee. "Jello . . . help! It's really a riot! That's very funny."

(Ed. comment: Many apologies for the state of this write-up. Our associate editor—you guess it—Vee among her many talents, also does *proofreading.*)

NINA PHILLIPS WASHBURN

"Nina Poo" *"Nins"*

Revolutionary Road, Scarborough, New York

BROWNIE — Middlebury

"As the occasion, so the behavior."

—Cervantes

Hey, Sois-os . . . I haven't seen you in ages! Are you still having problems with that hair? I think it looks dear . . . and it's still curly. Remember all those hours you spent hanging a pound of hairclips from the ends to make it straight? Oh . . . and remember all those fascinating, slimy, black polywogs you collected in little green bottles, lining them all up against our wall, which was papered completely with "Papa's" Pan-American posters, Paris prints, and black shmoos scrawled on pink paper? Those shmoos had the crunchiest personalities. They reminded me of you . . . a little, black figure etched in leotards, darting all over the room. Not only were you all over the beds, bureaus, etc., but up in the ceiling cupboards. And do you still get those letters from Nancy about the usual topics? Hey, don't go yet, Sois . . . you haven't finished telling me about last year's summer stock when you couldn't find the plug for the spotlight on opening night. What's that? You've promised to pose for both the Nestle's Cocoa and "Noxema Nina" advertisements? Well, I loved glimpsing you . . . don't break your leg skiing!

ELIZABETH HARDY WATTS

"Betsy" *"Bets"*

925 Park Avenue, New York 28, New York

BROWNIE Wellesley

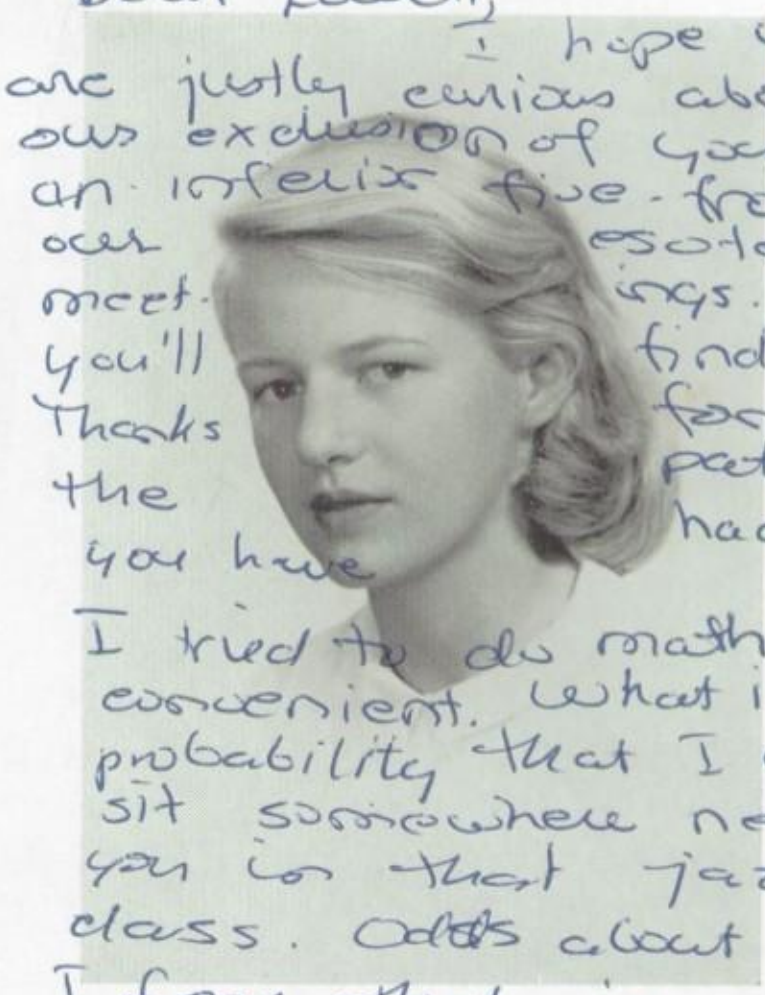
"Because my spelling is wobbly. It's good spelling but it wobbles and the letters get in the wrong places."

—*A. A. Milne*

Five, four, three, one, two. . . . Oh, wait a second—I pushed the wrong button. Oh well, what's a trip to the moon? My telescope in the middle of the hockey field is just as good, except I did want to confer with Mr. Khrushchev on the matter of territorial space limits. There just must have been an error in my arithmetic.

So forsaking her appointment with Russia, Bets chooses sailing at Princeton instead.

Sitting at the controls in the cockpit, she is reminded of the time she stepped on the accelerator of her car six inches from the garage door . . . by mistake. Phoebe, her co-pilot, has deduced from their various conversations that with the Lit Board, Self-Gov, and Current Events Board, Betsy really had no time to bother with Choral. The time she saves is put to good use making dodecahedrons and doing legal physics experiments in the lab with Babs.



Dear Lowell,
I hope you are justly curious about our exclusion of you - as an infelix five - from all our esoteric meetings. Well, you'll find out. Thanks for all the patience you have had as I tried to do math. Most convenient. What is the probability that I will sit somewhere near you in that jazzy class. Odds about 9! I fear that is 9! not too professional and Mrs Palmer would disown me. Have the best year next year.
Love, Betsy

PRISCILLA WORK

"P." *"Big P."*

41 South Main Street, Essex, Connecticut

SPIDER

"There is no joy without love and laughter;
live amid love and laughter."

—*Horace*

The *sheets* are pulled *taut*, but *hoisting* the covers she *tacks* toward Room X's *inlet*. Her *gales* of low laughter echo not only down the wing cove, but throughout St. Tim's. As a fighting Spider guard, she *set sail* and *ran before the wind* on Thanksgiving Day. With *tiller* or hockey stick she's adept, as our opposing teams know. If *white caps* could be changed to *Steward* pages, there still wouldn't be enough room for all her carefully collected ads. She breezes through piles of newspapers to keep *shipshape* for the Current Events Board. Letters by the millions cause confusion and emotion. (These are not the strange alphabetic symbols on *buoys!*) She is organized and efficient as a *rope in coil*. But she is *half-hitched* to shades of crimson and white—*racing* colors. We will always remember Big P. moving with the *wind behind her sails*, and above the bang of the *racing judge's* gun, her loud laughter echoes on.

MEMORABILIA

ORIGIN OF SPECIES

IN THE beginning the species was divided into thirteen distinct parts. We took our responsibilities as the smallest and youngest class extremely seriously by electing Ann, Francie, and Mary Potter as class presidents. A second illustrious trio was the House Council, whose weighty responsibilities included arranging suitcases in alphabetical order. Margo, Mary Potter, and Amy held these covoted positions.

Amy threw herself into the St. Tim's spirit by arriving already wearing her school uniform. Soon after that Room H assured Margo's future success in New York society by teaching her to dance. Margo, in gratitude, made herself inconspicous by hiding in her drawer. Babs found an outlet for her inner conflicts by giving dramatic performances as the ghost in Room A. (She later became the only Three to make Dramat.) Amanda, one for realism and a true Westerner, gave a warwhoop and attacked, wobbling in her first pair of high heels. Ann set up an ineffective, but audible communication with the frogs. Laura made herself useful, not only as our first vice-president, but more important, as chief drain plugger so we could al swim in the glass shower. Mary embarrassed us all by throwing her books on the floor in frustration at Mlle. Quémet's French dictations. Lucile rose above our mundane little existences in vapors of hot steam baths. Lizzy did her best to expose our uncultured musical tastes to Elvis and his bopping guitar. Room A unfairly exploited Kitty's back-rubbing talents. It was a great surprise to everyone, especially us, to discover Spider Sub material in our ranks. Francie established herself, but she couldn't stop there. She had to go on to join the fold of *The Steward*. How mortifying! However, much worse things happened. While the Alumnae were arriving, driplets of water rhythmically splashed into the buckets in Carter House entrance hall. Peppi, our responsible Self-Gov member, miscalculated how long it would take to fill a bathtub. The only one of us who did not still wear smocked dresses and saddle shoes that year was chic Barbi, also remembered for her sophisticated taste in records.

The species united with Miss Hill and sat in Room A on cozy winter afternoons with our knitting needles and cocoa . . . mostly cocoa. Naturally our intentions were good; we were knitting squares for the Red Cross. During this term, to complete our serious mythological studies, Mrs. Finnegan took us to see the face that launched a thousand ships, Helen of Troy. We did not believe she could have.

In the spring, back to the amphibian stage, the species took to the water from the Chapin's boat on Chesapeake Bay. Emerging as lobsters, we crawled back to final exams and Comencement. We were very proud of Amanda, who was awarded the Smith Medal, an exceptional honor for a Three. Then the whole colony divided, and each went home for the summer.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

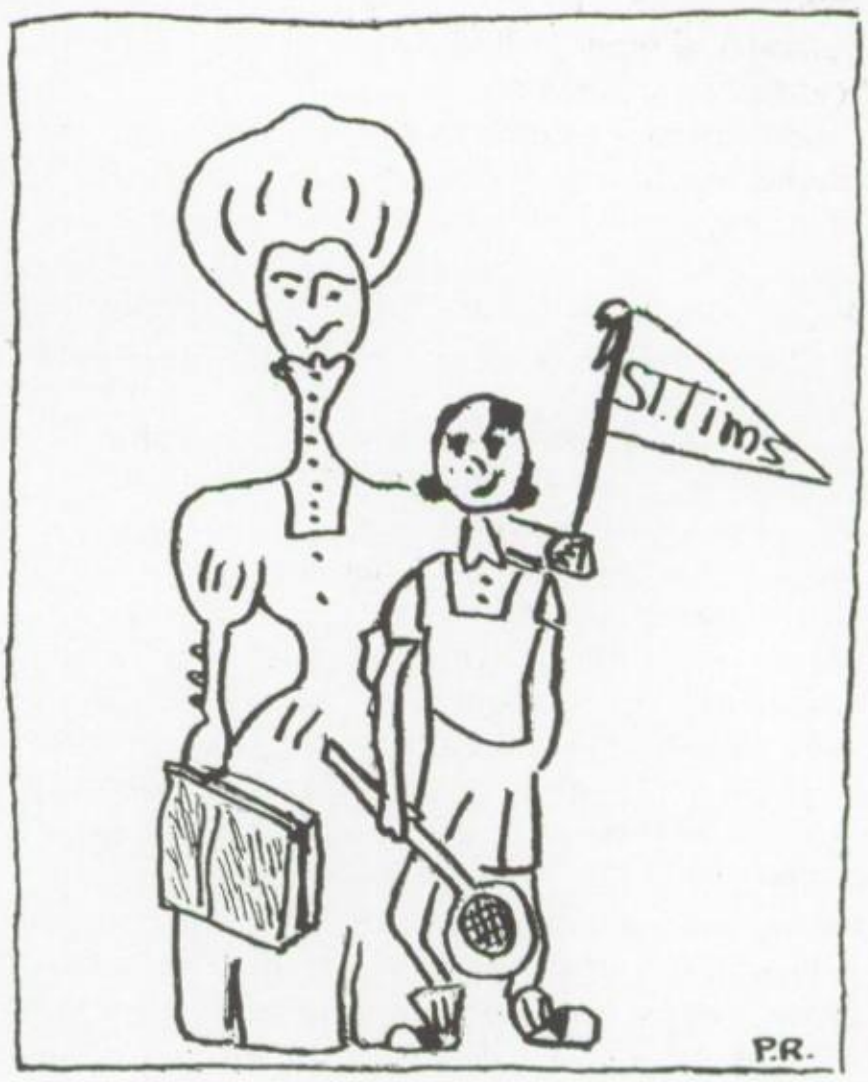
TWELVE old Threes, having survived the rigors of summer vacation, welcomed twenty-four new Fours. To start the year off the class elected Babs and Lizzy as president and vice-president and then settled down to get acquainted. Almost imediately Nina came out from beneath a pile of hair long enough to join Bitsy's Elvis fan club. Much to the amazement of the Old Fours a group of their new classmates were specialists on the athletic field, and the Fours as a whole were well represented. Exhibit A: Choate and Daisy on the Hockey Varsity; Exhibit B 1: Choate, M.J., and Lizzy at Thanksgiving; Exhibit B 2: Amanda—Brownie Mascot. As the vacation drew near, all started practicing for the Christmas play. Libbie again helped with the music as she had at Thanksgiving. The highlight of the play as far as the actors were concerned came when Peppi and C.B. dropped Baby John the Baptist in the fire. But a more orthodox climax was brought about through the efforts of Sue, aided by high priest Lucile singing Shema Yisroel in a sonorous voice.

During the winter term, although conditions outside were unfavorable, the class managed to amuse itself inside. Despite violent altercations and various flying objects, the Four Poster muddled through, thanks to Peri and Betsy. Connie's covers were works of art despite the rush. Talent flourished in many directions. In Heath House Isobel surprised all, especially the native Northerners, with her bop. However, soon the shock wore off and lessons began. Rather bizarre customs appeared on the third floor of Carter House, including worshipping C.B.'s Ishcabibble and taking Roman baths. The diverse elements of the class were partially squashed by calm and patient M.J. as president, aided by vice-president, Amanda, who also joined *The Steward* Board. A select few, Lizzy, Flossie, Francie, and Alloe, visited the male species, alias Woodberry, Episcopal, Pomfret, and St. Mark's. The rest of us consoled ourselves that Fun Night was different anyway (most of us hadn't seen it before). Choate was especially good as the beautiful Lola (a prelude to her victory her Six year in a local beauty contest) and horrendous Lizzy as the ugly Lola.

Our experiment proceeded into the third stage, spring, with Nat and Mary Buford as president and vice-president. The long-awaited Seventy-fifth anniversary arrived and so did helicopters, the United States Army, and their tent. In honor of this momentous event, Libbie and Polly arranged a wonderful medley of songs about St. Tim's, past and present, for the returning Alumnae. All Class Four laboriously designed and colored programs for the event through blood, sweat, and crumbs (we were in the dining room). Soon the school was hostess to far-flung Alumnae, old and young, most of whom had never seen the school in its present location. The New York Branch reenacted scenes of the old school to great applause. We were glad we had come in time for this happy celebration and, before it was over, we were enthusiastically making excited plans to return en masse for the Hundredth.

On the hottest day of the year the class went to the Stieff Silver factory where we melted with the silver, but cooled off on a later trip with pints of ice cream at "Around the World in 80 Days."

Too soon Commencement came, and we glowed with pride as Betsy walked away with the prize for the best short story. But we suddenly realized that "our" seniors were leaving and would not be back next year. After sad farewells we returned home, looking forward to being Fives.



METAMORPHOSIS

WHEN WE arrived in the fall of our Five year, we were prepared for vicissitudes, but not the violent changes that took place. Two new molecules, Vee and Maggie, joined our solution, filling the vacuum left by Kay and Peri. They soon proved their worth by organizing a hilarious New Girls' show. Nina and Bitsy, the two darkies in the Old Girls' show, did a fine job of beating their feet on the "Mississippi Mud", almost excelling their Four year orgy at a "Swell Party".

Betsy and Libbie were elected president and vice-president; and we were delighted to find that Mrs. Palmer was our class advisor again. On October 31st, a spooky being, namely C.B. the witch, capped feverish Hallowe'en activities inspired by Peppi, lists in hand. A gory Choate, dripped in just before Kitty told us a blood-curdling story, "The Black Panther's Ear". Over the summer our class had developed amazing athletic talents, too, and with three of us, Choate, Blake, and Daze, on the hockey team, how could it help but be undefeated. We had a unique Thanksgiving with the flu beating both Brownies and Spiders, and giving our six members on the Spider team and three on the Brownie team an extra week to live it up, before the game in which two Spiders "bit the dust" and Libbie and Big P. filled the breach. . . . *Merry Christmas* . . .

Again the equilibrium was disturbed by Cassandra leaving, but on our return we found a replacement in the form of "calm" Carol, who, incidentally, had a tape recorder. (Room A had already decided that nature abhored a vacuum and had delegated Lib and Babs to do Viennse waltzes to fill up the space.) Babs and Maggie were elected our new class officers; and Babs and C.B. were deposted on the Lit Board. C.B. merited this position primarily because of the spectacular essay on geese which she had written as a Four. February also meant that Lenten Firms were to begin; we elected three very able and imaginative Heads and Treasurers: C.B. and M.J. controlled A.B.C., which became the winning firm; Flossie and Priscilla, heading S.W.A.K. originated the most spectacular raffle in the history of Lenten Firms—Coffee Jello; Peppi and Barbi sought to beautify us by establishing a beauty salon, complete with backrubs (done by Kitty, who had perfected the art her Three year, and hair-styling.

"Zip"—Daisy and Hunky shocked good King Neptune at Fun Night with their "out of this world" strip-tease; and C.B. reigned as queen over the Sea of Joffee Cello, while the Biders and the Sprownies fought it out. However, even her royal decree could not have stopped the blizzard which arrived the night of the St. Andrew's dance. Although the snow prevented the orchestra from reaching the school, it felt good on tired feet, which plodded the path to Carter House. Imagine our surprise when we found ourselves snowed (in) the next morning, but we thoroughly enjoyed one of the school's few snow fights.

In our Metamorphosis from Fours to Sixes we had to preserve some of the rites of the Four year. The worship of Ishcabibble's reincarnation was transformed into the festival of lights in Room E, with truly oriental atmosphere. In the Dramat play, *As You Like It*, Isobel, in leopard skins, wrestled strongly and silently, while Connie wrestled volubly with a flower, stealing the scene from her lover, Babs, "All the world's a stage", and we, especially Flossie, are but players.

Our English class, under Mr. Lisle's superb direction, also attempted to give the school a glimpse of our dramatic ability by acting out several scenes from *Hamlet*. Francie portrayed the character of Ophelia so well that many of us began to doubt her sanity; sometimes she could be heard singing snatches of an old English plain-song as she skipped down to Study Hall. Hunky made a splendid Hamlet, and spent long hours reciting "To be or not to be" on the hill behind the gym. The climax of the play was reached when Hamlet (Hunky) and Laertes (Babs) jumped down into the grave (off stage) and began a fierce wrestling match. The audience was terrified!

A week before spring vacation, as a prelude to that happy event, the sun came out with deceptive brilliance; the night before our departure for home, the snow came, and came, and we stayed and stayed. A great many of us took up pioneer habits, while the rest blazed a twelve hour trail to New York. . . . *Happy Easter* . . .

Springtime came and so did tennis. To the delight of all, Patsy won the tennis tournament; and to everyone's amazement, she pirouetted in a black leotard across the hockey field.

The last few days of school were chaotic, as we were pushed nearer and nearer to the inevitable day when we would wear our class rings and become Sixes.

APEX OF THE SPECIES

OUR SIX year began with an imaginative innovation. To maintain discipline in the Faculty House we stashed three of our members, Nat, Amy, and Polly, there. We were awed by finding ourselves Sixes but accepted it happily. Needless to say, our first inspiration was a party—going to see "Gigi". Our excuse: to welcome back Lizzy, who returned late. Our Old Girls' show, which took place at the World's Fair, was a great success (at least we thought so), especially Sue as un chef Francais suprème with M.J. as arms. Mimi smashed all precedents by leading a third Ryerson into the school.

Hockey season began with the smallest captain in history, and everything was fine until she minimized herself even further by blocking a ball with her tooth. Guess who found the lost tooth—blind Bonse! To the surprise of everyone twenty-four Sixes got into Choral, including Chapin, Hunky, Flossie, and Barbi C., who had all been trying for years (and to the utter astonishment of Betsy and Patsy, they were removed). Flossie, as the dashing son, starred in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals", and Sue as the Haggerty woman put all into hysterics by inquiring timorously about Salonaiki and stuffing food in her veil. In "The Last War" Connie, the microbe, was the black-hearted villain. Lucile and C.B. were a lion and a horse, while Vee narrated.

At the Thanksgiving game, which this year made it on Thanksgiving Day, Lizzy and Max staged their own battle as team mascots. On December 1st four Sixes were relieved of the pressure of college entrance when they were accepted through the Early Admissions Program. Nat had to agonize for another two weeks, but not in vain, and heard the same day The Stewards were given out. That same night Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus (M.J. and C.B.) came to our Christmas party. With a toss of her beard and a dislike of her pipe, M.J. read the story and delighted her audience. Daisy and Patsy as elves promised Miss Watkins a horse provided she was a good little girl.

The first manifestation of winter was our seminar on Antarctica. The weather obliged us with a sudden snowstorm, which incidentally prevented one of our speakers from coming. Meantime the class took in its stride the exodus of many of its members to various colleges. Part of the reason for such an exodus was the danger existing in the school due to our two mad scientists, Betsy and Babs, hot on the trail of something. Tabby's Communist medals made us suspicious at first, but her cause was taken up by the Current Events Board in a brilliant defense of Russia by Big P.

The Steward entertained with a Chinese commune—ist dinner, and four comrades demonstrated newest Bolshevik Ballet techniques, to the singing of three more musical comrades. The Russian atmosphere at supper was a novelty to early-morning Russian enthusiasts. At the Webster's delightful party, Connie, inspired by the tea vapors and other delicacies, held palm reading seances and discovered that Babs had no life line. Among other entertainment, the non-members of Choral in the Six class, whose rejection still rankled, demonstrated the cause for their rejection "doin' what comes natcherly." Then leaving the rest of the school to the flu, we went to Richmond for the weekend. We liked the Senate committee meetings, Williamsburg, and Jamestown, and especially appreciated lunches with Amy and M.J. and champagne at Flossie's. Finally after several weeks spent studying for College Boards, the fateful Saturday came. But by that next Thursday we had thoroughly recuperated, and were off for spring vacation.

We arrived back at school for our last term, supplied with our calling cards and lists of invitations, and amazed by the fact that Commencement was only about two months off. However, before that, our term papers were due and biology projects in full swing. Most of us stayed home from the Maryland Hunt to finish up bibliographies. Soon our entire class (including physicists) were vitally concerned over the health of all the various creatures in the lower lab. But life was glorious—study hall was not required, and tennis could go on almost until suppertime. However, we could not completely relax; we were still being scrutinized for Take Offs. To relieve the pressure we gladly accepted an invitation to the Graingers' for supper and had a wonderful time singing and telling jokes. That was so successful that we could hardly wait for Miss Kautz's party. Meanwhile, most of the Sixes waited to hear from colleges—sad to leave St. Tim's but wondering where they would be next year. And our class looked forward to Commencement with mixed emotions.

CLASS OF 1959 STATISTICS

Name	Symbol	Admired For	Usually Found
BAKER	fig newtons	*perseverence*	practicing yoga on the back porch
BARTHOLOMEW	sheet music	*diets*	laughing
BEATTY	"Kleenex"	*her spontaneous combustion*	blowing her nose
BENSON	little notes to herself	*red hair*	singing to herself
BETNER	Ishcabibble	*co-ordination*	wiggling her foot
BIGELOW	Turbo-jet	*painting*	toe dancing
BLAKE	her sweatshirt	*tennis skill*	cutting her hair
BOCOCK	Austrian coat	*voice*	hoarding ten centses
BONSAL	a cookie	*jubilance*	writing Cousin Philly
BRAMWELL	Listerine	*wit*	philosophizing
BRAWLEY	typewriter	*flexibility*	waiting for mail
BRYAN	JJK	*brotherly love*	writing and tearing up letters
CHAPIN	Absorbine jr. and Ace bandages	*laugh*	arguing
CHASE	caviar	*rosy cheeks*	getting airmail letters
CHOATE	Peanuts	*shapely figure*	studying?
COLEMAN	Elizabeth Arden facial creams	*high style*	talking on the phone
CONVERSE	thought waves	*energy*	jumping on beds
CUMMINGS	Russian medals	*her French*	putting on lotions
CURRIER	Babo blush	*herself*	eating Chuckles
DAVIS	nail file	*erudite tone of voice*	talking
ENOS	sensible oxfords	*appreciation*	lounging in her pink nightgown
GEER	St. Paul's scarf	*Brigitte Bardot look*	making imaginary plans
GERRY	plaid scarf	*music*	writing in "thot" book
HILL	her sweatpants	*auburn hair*	giving current events programs after the bell has rung
HUBBARD	Russian dictionary	*efficiency*	looking for Vee
HUGER	letters	*thoughtfulness*	taking a stand on segregation
JACKSON	grey pen	*mathematical ability*	scratching backs
NOLAND	grey uniform skirt and red sweater	*deep voice*	in Miss Bement's office
PATON	her nod of approval	*accomplishments*	doing exercises
RYERSON	Ba-made sweaters	*friendliness*	forgetting
SCHIFFER	blue jeans and Amanda belt	*riding*	getting things done
SIMMONS	mule	*her chocolate cakes*	reading Archibald MacLeish
VALENTINE	massacred jokes	*self-portraits*	scotchtaping her glasses
WASHBURN	airplanes	*posture*	playing the xylophone
WATTS	Nazi flag	*uncontrollable blonde wisp*	trying to put a solid in a plane
WORK	a key	*low voice and dark eyebrows*	holding her head in her hands

Favorite Saying	Ambition	Most Likely To Be
"Oh, oh, oh tiddley pom . . ."	to have four hands	a fat rat
"Goodnight, All"	to be on the Ed Sullivan Show	about to ask questions in Physics
"Shabi doobi wabi"	to play on the U.S. Olympic Hockey Team	a ski bum
"What's that noise?"	not to be last	in a double chair-lift with Tony Sailor
"I'm sick of it"	to be a yogi	entranced in the shower
"Gow!"	to educate ignorant Easterners on the Mid-West	ambassador from Minnesota
"Oh, no!"	to grow oranges under water	a hockey expert
"Makesa so nice"	to be in the Olympics	living at Royal Orchard
"It was so-o-o funny . . ."	to exercise race horses	trying to relax
"Hail, Comrade!"	to brax on both legs	making faces
"Good luck!"	to be a Den Mother	going out to lunch
"I've still got four subjects to do."	to be a Broadway actress	President of the Daughters of the Confederacy
"GOOD morning"	to get Math done in the required time	washing her hair
"Zap"	to grow eyebrows	in Europe
"What! . . . What!"	to have an ambition	a cheerleader
"Oh, nuts . . ."	to marry a rich Italian Count	asleep
"Hi yer, toots!"	to be a mental telepathist	concocting
"Whatwhenhowwhy?"	to be an orator	talking in her sleep
"When in doubt . . ."	to thwart the supernatural	wishing on a star
"I'm so-o-o excited"	to be a diplomat	pounding her hip
"Obviously"	to live on Park Avenue	raising tiggers
"Hi, Swazos!"	to be on the New York Stock Exchange	Number one in Southampton society
"O-o-r-h dear-a"	to beat Ben Hogan	the mother of seventeen monotones
"G'ness!"	to be an airline hostess	opinionating
"Hot dog!"	to have everyone spell her name right	Editor-in-chief of the Atlantic Monthly
"Hey, you all."	to live in Charleston	married
"Really?"	to outlast relatives at college	"beachcombing"
"Lizzy, will you curl my hair, please?"	to sing at the Metropolitan	running her fingers through her hair
"It is not! *erh!"*	to fly a plane	dropping things
"Murder"	to meet Queen Elizabeth	a kindergarten teacher
"Really, I'm not kidding"	to be manager of the Hat Ranch	manager of the Hat Ranch
"For PETE'S sake!"	to manufacture "I liked McCarthy" buttons	taking privileges
"It's really a riot"	to be a teacher	making puns
"Then what?"	to be last married	writing "crunchy" verse
"It's sad . . . tsch, tsch."	to be Mikoyan's interpreter	vaporized
"Shabi doo wa"	to live dangerously	drinking milk

A DAY WITH MISS BRADLEY

Our versatile Miss Bradley arrives at breakfast already primed with the world news. She then cheerfully discusses the forthcoming school day with her table but pauses to read inspection and dismiss the dining room. Her day in the schoolhouse begins by giving announcements of all kinds and returning an odd accumulation of articles (such as an ownerless size 8½ study hall shoe). After the first class Miss Bradley often gives prayers, which will probably include her favorite "The Canticle to the Sun," after which she will undoubtedly "want to see the Faculty."

During the morning should there be any change in the ordinary routine, a note to that effect will be written on the board, officially signed "M.E.B." However, should any "crisis" arise, one has only to find Miss Bradley who is very adept at solving any sort of problem—from finding lost notebooks to missing people. The first place to look for her is in her office, gaily decorated with spelling corrections, standard tests, and absence lists; but if she is not there, she might easily be found on the phone with *The Steward* photographer, up in the infirmary delivering assignments, or talking to Miss Watkins about the seniors' college plans.

If there is a game in the afternoon, Miss Bradley will be right there on the sidelines cheering for St. Tim's. Later on, her advisees and anyone else will find themselves very welcome in her living room on the second floor of Heath House, with its many books, its fascinating prints and pictures, and its always intriguing plants and shells.

Often Miss Bradley's busy day does not end until nine o'clock when, after supervising some of our night Study Halls while she works on her knitting, she neatens up the room for the night. She then returns to Heath House to watch a favorite program with Mrs. Warner or finish a chic dress or gaily decorated sweater.

The seniors want to thank Miss Bradley for all she has done for them particularly, and for the school as a whole, during the years she has been here; and the editors of *The Steward* for her adept handling of Duco cement during the galley-proof stage, her invaluable aid in picture-taking, and all her help with the magazine. We all wish her the best of luck and happiness as she retires this year.

SELF GOVERNMENT BOARD

Left to right, front row: Nathalie Hubbard, Ann Hill, Babs Currier, Miss Watkins, Lizzy Huger, Sue Baker, Betsy Watts.

Back row: Polly Bartholomew, Maggie Chase, Libbie Gerry, Alloe Enos, M. J. Noland, Amanda Schiffer.

STEWARD BOARD

Left to right, front row: Patsy Blake, Ann Hill, Mary Buford Bocock, Mimi Ryerson, Lucile Davis, Mary Dickerman, Peppi Benson, Priscilla Work.

Second row: Francie Jackson, Libbie Gerry, Flossie Bryan, Isobel Brawley, Debby Pease, Amanda Schiffer, Cynthia Betner, Mary Bonsal.

Standing, back row: Vee Valentine, Betsy Watts, Nathalie Hubbard, Cynthia Johnson, Cynthia Schmidt.

EDITORIAL

WHEN WE reach the ripe old age of eighteen or twenty-two or whenever we choose to leave off being taught and start learning, it is natural to think back over the teachers we have had at school or college. Henry Adams once said, "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Grateful students as they graduate often say, "He taught me all I know," or, perhaps, "What I didn't know." Through the influence of one memorable person has evolved a life-long way of thinking or an open-minded approach to new opportunities. At our first solo step on our lives' stairs, we pause before college, realizing with a sudden, frightening maturity that what we do from now on depends on us. After years of reluctantly submitting to the advice of adults, we find ourselves making a decision which ultimately concerns us alone; we can no longer consider the responsibility to be theirs.

Facing this task with new-found powers, we search for the college which best fits our own needs. We surprise ourselves as we maturely weigh every aspect—their faculty, the students, but, above all, the attitude they will instill in us toward the work we pursue afterwards and the lives we lead. Soon we sadly admit that many of the standards we set cannot be met—college is too big in many cases. We have come full circle; our parents, who were deeply concerned in us personally, could not give us all the opportunities they wished us to have. College can give us just what we choose to gain from it, but we will be considered just one of a group.

As we despair of ever fully finding what we seek, we suddenly begin to appreciate that what we seek, we, in reality, have already. Perhaps the reason we know so well what we are looking for is that this "attitude toward life" on which we place such value has been so well impressed upon us that we are not conscious of learning it but just of knowing. In the years to come we will pick up a newspaper to note with interest an article on Antarctica. "Why, I remember Mr. Bianchi, he spoke to us at our Seminar—of course . . . we have a Seminar and I was as close to him as . . ." we will say to our amazed listeners. Nowhere are we going to find a school which maintains one of the highest scholastic standings and at the same time wants to pack us off to *Gigi* because "it will be good for us." Nowhere will we find a faculty who will be as eager that their classrooms extend beyond the schoolhouse—to The Baltimore Art Museum, the Vanguard Center in Washington. Very few other schoolmates will tell their grandchildren they went to the Inaugural parade, a once-in-a-lifetime experience for most; very few can be proud that their school considers an education does include such things.

A school, too, can effect eternity like the teachers it may be privileged to have; its value is not confined within its walls. The best of every experience is not in living through it but in taking from it something to guide future experience. We know how valuable it is to be introduced to many things, to give everything a chance, to test our interests. St. Timothy's has given us a criterion of what those interests can and should be. To put large thoughts into small words . . . we have been taught to learn.

N.H.

CLASS SONGS

BAKER—*"Chop Suey"*
BARTHOLOMEW—*"With a Song in My Heart"*
BEATTY—*"Zip"*
BENSON—*"Fascination"*
BETNER—*"Skinny Minny"*
BIGELOW—*"Little One"*
BLAKE—*"Zippidy Doo Da"*
BOCOCK—*"Makin' Whoopee"*
BONSAL—*"Alice, Alice in Wonderland"*
BRAMWELL—*"I Can Dream, Can't I"*
BRAWLEY—*"Doin' What Comes Natcher'ly"*
BRYAN—*"Everybody Has a Laughing Place"*
CHAPIN—*"T'ain't Necessarily So"*
CHASE—*"Around the World in 80 Days"*
CHOATE—*"I'm Gonna Live 'Til I Die"*
COLEMAN—*"Sophisticated Lady"*
CONVERSE—*"Tell Me a Story"*
CUMMINGS—*"Tell Me Why"*
CURRIER—*"I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise"*
DAVIS—*"Cockeyed Optimist"*
ENOS—*"It's a Woman's World"*
GEAR—*"I Get Ideas"*
GERRY—*"I Feel a Song Coming On"*
HILL—*"I Wonder as I Wander"*
HUBBARD—*"Beautiful Dreamer"*
HUGER—*"I Enjoy Being a Girl"*
JACKSON—*"Friendly Persuasion"*
NOLAND—*"Sunny Side Up"*
PATON—*"I Could Write a Book"*
RYERSON—*"Someone To Watch Over Me"*
SCHIFFER—*"Sometimes I'm Happy"*
SIMMONS—*"Anything Goes"*
VALENTINE—*"My Funny Valentine"*
WASHBURN—*"What'll I Do"*
WATTS—*" 'Tis a Puzzlement"*
WORK—*"The Night They Invented Champagne"*

THE WEEKEND

SIGMUND FREUD was tossed aside as the dirt-filled Boston local skipped another beat. The philosophy book seemed strangely out of place there on the floor with comic strips, candy wrappers, and some kid's sports equipment. But it was a young man who reached down for the book and came up with a hockey skate instead. His hand caressed the worn leather and passed over the cutting bite of the blade, but the sensation he had so often seen in the faces of others never came to him. He felt nothing; he might as well be clutching a dish rag.

Winter's twilight had darkened New England when the train finally stopped. The young man slowly gathered his possessions—tucking *Sigmund Freud* into his pocket. He was glad that no one knew of his homecoming, and decided to take advantage of the occasion. The uneven hay fields stretched before him, seeming to continue forever. Hayward was glad. He was glad that after the fields came the woods; and after the woods came the lake. He remembered when he used to think that the lake was a sort of paradise, and only the noble adventurers who dared cross the fields and woods were worthy of its gifts. As a child he thought that life would be nothing but the fuller enjoyment of these elements of nature. Hayward grinned cynically—only to fall back into his thoughts. Slowly, over a period of years, Hayward realized that the lake didn't represent the symbol of paradise. It may have been his father's joy, his mother's pride, but to himself it suggested only cold water. Hayward shook his head in puzzlement. One couldn't even love it as a bit of perfected nature, but to love it for ice skating was ridiculous.

The thought of ice reminded him of the cold, and he immediately set out across the last field. He reached the doorstep and tried to think of an appropriate Grand Entrance, but decided to shirk it as he remembered that the Friday-night hockey game would rate top billing. He thought of his father—his father, who, at nearly fifty, still lived for the Commuters' League; his father, who would have been far prouder of a son that could race across the blueline at his side, propelled by a strong pair of legs and a fighting spirit.

"Hey, Hay! Hockey game tonight! Gonna watch the 'ole man?" greeted his father.

The door had opened while Hay had been standing there. He had to grin at this athletic and excited schoolboy formally called "Father." Hayward nodded in affirmation, and strolled in with a deflated spirit.

"You'll hardly be able to tell your Pop from Maurice Richards tonight—just you wait, boy."

Hay patiently smiled and patted the muscular old shoulder. The same smile seemed to stay glued to his face during the car ride to the lake. If he parted his lips he was afraid he might laugh —and he knew that the laugh wouldn't sound just right.

Floodlights surrounded the lake, and seemed to bring with them the crowds and voices one might find at a social rendezvous. But when the game started, Hayward's experienced eye immediately told him another defeat was in order for the Commuters' League. He kept this thought to himself and listened to the audience cheer and groan alternately as the younger men picked up the puck, and the older ones consecutively lost it. Because he couldn't impress anyone with his pessimism, Hay looked for the finer points and soon lost himself in the beauty, precision, teamwork and spirit of the skaters. It was almost a religious experience to see these old men transformed into ruddy, excited, sweating and swearing warriors. It was slightly primitive, slightly barbarous—but, nevertheless, glorious. Whether Hay emotionally accepted his father's love for the sport wasn't certain, but he admitted secretly that he admired it.

Hay blinked from the fixed stare just in time to see the puck shoot across the blueline, and his father, in a pack of struggling wolves, crash into the wall and crumple in a heap. Or perhaps the shrill screams of the women were what he heard first. The game was stopped. Both teams surrounded the fallen man. His mother and about fifty "closest" friends raced onto the ice. All the while, Hay stood dazed, as though unable to move.

"Hay! Hay! Hay!!" a thousand voices seemed to be yelling, pleading, begging him to come.

Hay walked onto the ice. It seemed as if all heads were turned towards his, all eyes seeking his. God, he wished he had run on with everyone else, unnoticed. Hay looked at his watch and was surprised by the thought that time was ticking away. Now he was here—at his father's side. What would he do? What was he expected to do? He still hadn't looked down at his father. He knew he must. He knew his face was growing red with uneasiness. It had always been like this. He knew so darn much, but he couldn't put that knowledge to use in a situation which required nothing but basic human emotion and primitive intuition.

"Hay, Son, how 'bout getting this bladed shoe off my foot?"

Hay sunk to his knees, half in obedience and half in weakness. He felt limp. He felt relieved. Strangely, the crowd was reacting in the same manner. The skate was gingerly withdrawn from the smashed foot. Hayward diverted his gaze—but not for long. He looked at it and wondered how his Father would get along without being able to skate. How could this childish man take such news?

"It looks as if the Hayward father-and-son team will have to become spectators. Maybe now I will finally learn some elementary strategy from this cold, intellectual son of mine."

That was his father's voice. The same voice that had laughed and yelled to his teammates. It sounded the same—full of strength and full of humor.

The Boston local chugged southward, still skipping beats and jouncing *Sigmund Freud*. The print became blurred, and Hayward was delighted when the book fell from his hand. Reaching down and grasping the hockey skate, Hay made his hand pass over the blade, the toe, the straps. He wanted so badly to feel something besides an edge of steel, or a hulk of leather. Again he moved his hand over the skate, and again he felt nothing. Still holding the skate, Hayward reviewed the memory of Friday night—the losing team, the trustful spectators, his father's accident. Was he dreaming? Or did his hand feel something alive, something like freed energy? And could it be that his hand tightened involuntarily over the skate? Or was it merely an act of the will? Hayward almost reached for *Freud* to find the answer, but closed his eyes instead and contentedly leaned back. At least it didn't matter any more.

DELIA P. BLAKE, '59

The work—
What a wonderful thing the work is.
When I work I learn almost;
When I learn I feel smart almost.
I ain't got no brains hardly;
I ain't got no time hardly either.
When I work I work with what
    I ain't got almost hardly.

P.R.W., '60

SHADES OF SALEM

I saw him only once I think,
And yet how many times it seems
We passed along the beach at dusk,
And each was busy with his dreams.

He strode with sure, determined steps,
His long black cape unfurled behind.
His hair was long and strangely dressed;
His eyes were hard; his face, unkind.

At first I thought we'd met before,
But he took little note of me.
He paced the sand and gazed beyond
Conferring with his deity.

He was not tall, my restless friend,
Yet there was power in his walk.
As darkness fell, he seemed more strange—
His ruffles and his face like chalk.

As I stood frozen, he approached.
He gazed at me, and guessed my fears.
His eyes were sharp; they pierced the night.
And then I crossed the bridge of years.

Why did his restless spirit stalk?
Why did he stand beside the sea?
Why did I meet him in my walk?
Why did he turn his gaze on me?

DIANA L. WALKER, '60.

SHADOW

The moon hangs heavy and yellow
In a purple midnight sky.
His mind is in a turmoil.
Will his memory bear the strain
Of a shadow swinging slowly,
Slowly over a moonlit wall?

The moon sends pale fingers
Across the darkened sill.
A shadow falls, and slowly it swings,
Slowly over a moonlit wall.

He thought they would always be friends,
Until the fateful eve.
They fought a bitter battle;
Then suddenly it was done,
And he saw the shadow swinging,
A rope about his throat.

He never returned to see it,
But his mind has often strayed
To the silken ray of moonlight
And the phantom that it drew:
A shadow forever swinging
Over a moonlit wall.

LAINE DICKERMAN, '62

THE FIRST ACT

Before a red prairie dawn, someone said,
"Another day;"
And the careful-wise magicians
Checked their formulas and nodded;
And the battling world-bargainers agreed—
To soothe the people;
So their ears, half-sleeping,
Half-appeased, slept on.

A country cock
Awake—somewhere—
Was crowing.

There was nothing before noon but the noise
Of switched-on lives,
And the cat's-claw clicking purr
Of the stock market's power;
Then the bells and the lunch pails
And the diplomatic chatter.
So their words, half-roaring,
Half-assured, roared on.

The mid-sky sun
Silent—above—
Was shining.

The skill of one-piece factories turned on
Home-time and the night;
And the standard-tuned antennas
Filtered moonbeams through their net,
While free but gambling lonely men
Watched dancers pale the evening.
So their eyes, half-playing,
Half-puzzled, played on.

A space-flung star
Unbound—far-off—
Was sparkling.

We are half-given people and given
For taking's sake,
And for easy-smiling skits
Of the word-help love we promise.
And the pretty white-wrapped half-true gift
Is heartless, black and hollow.
So our lives, half-living,
Half-lying, live on.

The strawborn Child
Alone—somewhere—
Is crying.

LIBBIE F. GERRY, '59

EXISTENCE AND LIFE

THERE IS A basic understanding among all men that they have been put upon this earth to live and, for some, this understanding means simply, "to exist". In the animal world, existence is a matter of food and shelter; except for the desire to propagate their own kind and the urge to obey their natural instincts, there seems to be no other effort save that of staying alive. In the world of men, existence can have this same connotation, and, unfortunately, it often does. But we are not concerned here with this limited view, but rather with its antithesis; Thomas Mann's and James Joyce's respective characters, Hans Castorp and Stephen Dedalus are men who did not merely exist, but learned to live.

During the early part of his life Hans Castorp followed a narrow pattern of passivity and reserve. He was tied to his world by habit, and he was aware of little beyond his love for smoking, his concern for the correct attire at all times, and his consciousness of good breeding. Habit held him from making sudden decisions and disturbing changes; and it was with no ambition that he planned to enter the shipbuilding business and continue along the same dull paths his feet knew so well.

Stephen Dedalus, even as a young boy, had an advantage over Hans Castorp, for as early as his first school years the boy was extremely sensitive. He saw and felt with a deepness that made him noticeably different from his companions. No other boy knew that when the gas was lit in the chilly corridors at night the burning made a noise like a song; none of his schoolmates seemed interested in what lay within the mysterious element, "The Universe", or how God communicated to people who spoke other languages than English. Stephen was the only one who cared; he cared with an active, imaginative mind, and he felt with strong, undefinable feelings.

These two men, Hans Castorp and Stephen Dedalus, might have gone on living in their singular ways for an indefinite length of time—the first, complacent and nearly motionless; the second, insecure and exploring—if revolutionary and unexpected influences had not entered their lives. During a three-week visit to see his cousin in a tuberculosis sanatorium, Hans Castorp discovered suddenly that he was also a victim of the disease, and that he would have to remain at the sanatorium. This discovery marks the change in Castorp's relation to the life he had known, for almost immediately he found himself thrown into a small society where the individual was of distinct importance. He was affected by the miseries of the other sufferers, and he became concerned with his own symptoms. When Hans Castorp begins to open his eyes and ears to the sights and sounds around him and when, to his great surprise, he one day finds himself attempting to philosophize and even admits a curiosity for science, we know that we have a new character emerging from the pages. But the greatest influence which alters Castorp's life is his personal relationship with Frau Cauchat, for it is only through the disturbing sensation of love that our once doomed individual throws back the walls of his shell and steps out into the fresh air.

It took more than just a fresh viewpoint to influence Stephen Dedalus's life, for his mind was used to new ideas and surprising impressions. It was the experience of a period of extremes that forced him to find a more balanced and secure life. At the age of sixteen he found himself an adolescent with the desires of a growing man, and he entered a stage which tossed him roughly from unwilled carnal sin to severe asceticism to atone for his mistake. The conflict he fought between his desire and his conscience led him from the streets to a Father Confessor, and the long ensuing period of self-denial and self-control nearly settled him in the life of a Catholic priest. But as he turned away, he knew for the first time that he must learn his own wisdom, and that he must discover his own purpose on a middle ground, for he would be lost and aimless if he permitted his feeling to take control again, and he would be limited solely to the chill and order of the Church if he joined the priesthood.

There is a similarity between the manner in which the two men discover their new ways of life: the result for both is achieved through a personal experience. Castorp, lost in a snowstorm on the mountains, dreams of humanity and exclaims,

"For the sake of goodness and love, man shall let death have no sovereignty over his thoughts." This belief, although it is soon dimmed by active daily chores and occurences, is the ultimate principle by which the future Hans will steer his life. He is no longer afraid or narrowly limited to a life of mere existence; from this moment on, he is a new man.

Dedalus, after turning away from the Church, knows he is about to stumble upon his goal, but it is not until he sees a young girl standing on the beach, oblivious to everything but the sea around her, that he leaps to the understanding that calls to him. "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!" This is Stephen's creed, and his life thereafter will be that of an artist, a confident man expressing himself through the experiences of his life.

All men must find their own way. Both Thomas Mann and James Joyce show that they believe this; each of their characters speaks loudly to the rest of mankind, calling upon men to find themselves and to make their own lives.

LIBBIE F. GERRY, '59

CLASS CHARACTER—1959

MOST

Gullible
Cummings, Ryerson, Washburn

Sophisticated
Benson, Work

Opinionated
Bryan, Hill, Watts

Frank
Enos, Chapin, Schiffer

Efficient
Baker, Hubbard, Huger, Jackson

Humorous
Betner, Geer, Valentine

Philosophical
Bramwell, Gerry, Paton

Hospitable
Bartholomew

Flexible
Converse

Flustered
Coleman, Ryerson, Washburn

Effervescent
Beatty, Noland

Talkative
Bonsal, Davis, Simmons

All-American
Choate

Domestic
Hubbard, Simmons

Continental
Chase

Missed
Morrill, Rand, Reeve, Rowan

CLASS

Clowns
Blake, Bocock, Bonsal

Eccentrics
Betner, Bocock

Masterminds
Currier, Watts

"Fibbers"
Brawley, Bryan, Currier

Artist
Bigelow

Hindu
Sue's mother

THE DAM

THE HOLLOW sound of the noon whistle echoed across the town as I entered the Idlewild Café. I sank into the cracked-leather seat of the last booth, my head pounding from the strain of collective bargaining with unresponsive salesgirls and the jostle of preoccupied Christmas crowds. Ordering my customary coffee and T-Bone, I proceeded to survey the other customers in the café, nodding to several whom I knew. Two I recognized as the habitual winter boarders who perpetually rotated from the bar to the café and back to the bar. I knew by their calculative expressions and vigorous gestures that these men were well into next summer, discussing the rising cattle prices and the shortage of grass.

I couldn't suppress a grin as my gaze rested upon one of my neighbors, exhausted by last-minute gifts for the ranch-house cook and the extra carpenter, herding her four jubilant kids into the first available booth. I privately praised the waitress for distracting them from their persistent questioning of their mother, and I was just idly guessing how many would order hamburgers or consent to drink milk when my attention was caught by a wisp of conversation from the next booth.

"Score one for the good ole guverment! We got one up on the Indians this time."

The man who had just uttered this conviction grinned toothily at the woman and tugged with pride at his dull-brown rayon jacket. The woman, dreamily turning her rings on plump, motherly fingers, replied, "Ah, dear, don't be so cruel. Now the poor dears can have nice, yummy Christmas dinners or go off their ole reservation and stop complaining."

I puzzled over the vague familiarity of the topic as I absently picked up a rejected local newspaper from the opposite seat. The headline on the third column read: YELLOWTAIL DAM APPROVED BY GOV'T. I learned from skimming the article that the Federal Government had approved the building of a large irrigation dam not too far north. However, the dam would force half the Crow Indian tribe to evacuate their homes. The Indians had been paid off two days ago.

So that's why grimy, ragged children surrounded every candy counter and so many portly squaws shuffled past me in the street, their hair in neat, greasy, black braids and their wide leather money-belts bulging with importance. Loud guffaws and indistinct foreign gibberish issued from all the bars, which were guarded by sullen bucks who had already drunk their money and could only lick their lips for the last faint taste of escape. I had bypassed numerous families, the upright squaw plumping down the street with a multitude of dusty-colored children clutching the hem of her faded print dress or the matted fringe of her vermilion shawl. The man of the family invariably dragged his feet in the rear, slouching along disagreeably and peering into every doorway. An unusual number of Indian girls crowded the grange hall at night. The music hypnotized them; their tight skirts strained to "Houn'dog", and their plump, chocolate faces gleamed with sweat and pleasure. As the evening progressed, I saw more than one of them draped around the neck of a wirey, leather-faced man, who in turn wrapped one arm around her waist, and the other around an inviting beer bottle.

The woman interrupted my thoughts. "You know, dear, I wish those 'Njuns would be more cooperative. I wanted so much to visit some of their teepees. Oh, I wish I could see them scalp each other or kill a cavalry man—like on TV. It's so exciting and would be *really* genuine."

"Now, dear," the man replied understandingly, "we can't encourage that ignorant sort of people to do unruly things. People go around prodding them to rampage and, before you know it, they're actually stampeding foolishly down Main Street, screaming their half-forgotten cries like Banshees. They've got to learn before we can release them!"

That afternoon I had helped Cedric Little Moccasin find a new roping horse. He chose a stocky, sorrel gelding, a registered Quarter Horse with power bulging in his quarters and intelligence in his wide, brown eyes. Cedric beamed as he handed the man his fistful of government bills and arranged to have the horse brought out to the reservation. He took me into his confidence on

our return trip about his chances for the All-Around title next summer at the college rodeo.

Returning to the newspaper in my hand, I read of the debate in Congress over the bill and the inner-tribal battle between the old, conservative Crow warriors and the younger hot-heads. It was just another battle on an already bloody and costly battlefield, a battlefield now submerged in water, the mud huts and stick fences dissolved, the bewildered herds of cattle trucked away—and then what? I instinctively turned to the couple in the next booth, but they were innocently planning an annex to their house and the summer vacation in California.

. . . . . .

I steered the car carefully along the narrow asphalt path heading into the dying coals of the looming mountains. I concentrated on enumerating my purchases: scabbard for the boss, handkerchief for the missus, reins for. . . . The car lurched as my foot hit the brake and stopped dead where the barrowpit gaped just beyond it. Already in the depths of its clutches lay another car, on its shell, one wheel spinning crazily as though still fighting to remain on the highway around the sharp curve. I gingerly descended the slope, among pieces of shattered glass and metal. The smell of blood mixed with alcohol and gasoline; and I turned helplessly away after glimpsing the innocent look of release on the twisted brown faces staring blankly up from what was left of the front seat.

AMANDA SCHIFFER, '59

GIVE ME A LIGHT

THE WOLVES came down in great numbers that winter and glided over the sleeping countryside, huge and black and hungry. I never saw them, for they slipped like phantoms through the night, but I often heard their howls echoing in the darkness.

The first time I heard them, I awoke with a start and began to sob in terror. My mother hurried into the room and explained that, No, they were not people screaming, but were only wolves. I asked her if they were coming to take me away, but she tucked me in with a smile and said that only bad little boys who cried whenever they heard wolves needed to worry. I hastily rubbed away my tears and assured her that *I* wasn't crying, and she kissed me and left.

But I did not sleep again because of the wolves. They cried until dawn like lost souls, and I could not stop my ears tightly enough to keep out the noise.

On my way downstairs the next morning I heard my father and my grandfather discussing something in anxious tones. When they saw me, they quickly changed the subject and suggested that, since I was such a nice little boy, perhaps I should go into the kitchen and say "Good morning" to my mother. I obeyed, but I hated them because they obviously assumed I was too young to understand. I knew that they were talking about the wolves.

I stayed inside that day and sat in front of the fire with my grandfather. The flames were warm and bright, but somehow I could not forget the howling in the darkness.

"Grandpa, what are wolves?" I asked. He looked surprised, but replied that they were big dogs from the mountains. I was disappointed, for I had imagined them to be gigantic black monsters. But then, they probably were, and he thought I was too young to understand.

"They're *not* big dogs," I said suddenly. "They sound to me like people screaming."

The old man looked even more surprised and took his pipe out of his mouth. Then he leaned toward me and said, "Well, sonny, you've a right to know. They *are* people—cowardly people that couldn't stand up to life. When they died they turned into wolves, and now they're back to haunt the rest of us. They're hungering for us to give up, just because they did. But we never will . . . never . . . never."

I nodded gravely, but then I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye, and I feared he was not being very serious.

All the same, I could not forget what he had said. As I lay in bed that night I listened to the wind moaning, and then suddenly a howl mingled with the wind and I thought of all the lonely souls out in the stormy darkness.

Night after night I heard them crying, and always I pulled the covers over my head with a shudder and tried in vain not to hear.

Spring and the warm sunny days came at last, and the wolves melted back into the mountains. Almost overnight the world changed from a howling darkness into a fresh heaven of bluets and dew-locked spider webs. The sun shone with new life and vigor, and when I squinted into its dazzling whiteness a thousand brilliant colors danced before my eyes.

Everything seemed to bubble over with joy, and yet something was vaguely wrong. I did not know exactly what it was until I suddenly realized it must be the wolves. I had overheard the grown-ups saying that the pack had been seriously depleted and would never return, but I still could not forget the dismal souls that cried and cried into the night.

Then one day I no longer ran outside and played with the little calves in the pasture, or watched the baby chicks as they snuggled underneath their mothers. The world was dark again, and I groped my way through a long, black tunnel that stretched on and on until finally it reached the brink of a seething white ocean—or was it a bed?—I could not be sure. Then all through the darkness behind me came a howling—a ceaseless, forlorn howling—closer, closer, louder, louder—until in desperation I leaped from the cave's mouth and fell into a cold, hard blackness that was not the sea. I heard a crash and then voices, but they wavered and howled and I sank into an even deeper blackness. . . .

It was night when I awoke to feel a cool hand on my forehead. A man said, "Look, he's coming out of it at last." And then I heard my mother's voice beside me. I tried to tell them about my terrible experience, but somehow the words would

not come. Perhaps, anyway, they would think I was too young to understand such things, for they were always like that. At last I gave up and fell asleep.

It was still night when I awoke once more. "It's so dark," I moaned. "Please—is there a light?"

"What was that he just said?" I heard footsteps coming toward me.

"A light!" I cried. "Give me a light!"

"Did he say a light?" My father's voice was queer and dull. "But it's broad daylight . . ."

There was a horrible silence, and then my mother cried, "Oh, my little, little boy!" in a voice so choked with love and compassion that I realized the grown-ups had understood me all along. They had never meant to spite me—they had wanted only to protect me.

My grandfather's voice was firm then. "But he'll never, never give up," he said, and all at once a light flamed in the darkness, and the wolves stayed away because they feared its brightness.

MARTHA HATCH, '61

THE BLACK TIE

THIS WAS her night. She sat before a dressing-table littered with bottles, creams, and other aids to vanishing beauty. The small, pink-shaded lamp on the left of her table cast a ray of soft light on her perfect, bluish waves. She sat in reflexion; her comb rested between tapered fingers and a small smile hovered around her lips. This was to be her night—the night of her twenty-fifth anniversary.

She had had a wonderful life—exactly the way she wanted it. She remembered her wedding as if it had been yesterday. It was a lovely wedding—the biggest of the season. He had wanted a small, intimate reception, but she understood men. They always balked at big affairs. In the end he had agreed with her. Yes, theirs was a good marriage. They always agreed on everything.

There was the question of the house. She had always wanted a large house—not too large, but adequate for frequent entertaining—in the city. He had wanted a small house in the country. Most people would have fought over that little difference, but they sat down and talked it over. She explained to him that the things she needed were in the city—the shops, the theater, and her friends. There was no society at all in the country. She was more than willing to have a weekend cottage in the country, but she had to live in the city. He had made a few objections, but she was patient. She knew he would agree. They got along together beautifully.

Her house was lovely. Everything in it had been hand-picked and sent over from Europe. Of course, there had been one upsetting incident. No one goes through life without *one* upsetting incident. He had had an overstuffed armchair in his room. At the thought of this she scowled slightly. That chair just didn't fit into the décor of the house. He had been so insistent, mumbling something about it being the only place in the house where he could relax. What did he mean? There were lots of chairs in the house; delicate, attractive furniture. Ah yes, everyone thought her house the most attractive in town. Well, she gave in. After all, it was his house, too; and, besides, no one would see the chair.

Her smile deepened. This would be a wonderful night. Everyone would be there. It would be the best social affair of the season. He had wanted a small party—just for the two of them—but she knew men. Once he got there he would have a wonderful time. After all, didn't they both like exactly the same things? Now she was ready. Her brow was smooth and the bluish hair waved softly about it. She smiled at herself brightly in the mirror, and as she rose, she saw the reflection of a shadow pass over her doorsill. She turned gaily and uttered a light greeting. Then her eyes clouded slightly; a small, patient smile appeared around her mouth, and her voice was that of a mother speaking to a child.

"Oh you must change your tie, Dear! Nobody wears a black tie with evening clothes."

LUCILE DAVIS, '59

A SUMMER'S DAWN

The ribbon of the orient widens to the band
Preceding dawn, and the breach between the land
And sky brightens to a golden haze,
Groping through the purple ways
Of night. Like lava, rays of early light
Permeate the dark and silent night,
Swiftly forging capillary cracks
Between shadows now escaping to the backs
Of trees. The grass diffuses dew in air,
And leaves the moisture hanging there
Until defensive gardens seal their pores,
And scurrying shadows slip indoors.

NATHALIE HUBBARD, '59

AMBITION

O, what are you Ambition, who have raised
The lowly to the seats of high degree,
And made them by all nations feared and praised,
Then shattered them on rocks of misery?
Are you a fungus eating at mankind
To sap its strength, as when a struggling tree
Attemps to grow and then does wilt to find
Its life blood ebbed and death a certainty?
Yes, surely you are this, but you are, too,
The life-enhancing growth of infant spring,
Which urges nature to create anew
And sends fresh hope to every living thing.
Two-faced Ambition, man must mould his fate
To use you to destroy and to create.

DIANA L. WALKER, '60

SUMMERTIME

Sidewalk cracks ran
Under my feet . . . Heat
Had come as summer began—
Grey, concrete-baked
In the day . . . Gay
People crossly faked
Enjoyment of others
On the porch . . . Scorched
And angry mothers
Berated offspring
While they sipped, fat-hipped
In the swing.
The younger group
Bellowed their glee: "Whee!"—
And whooped
In their excess of fun;
Their hands round, brown
From the licking sun
Swatted the flies,
With a swatter . . . Water
Was downed with satisfied sighs . . .
Summer rolled
Across the land . . .

CYNTHIA E. SCHMIDT, '60

THE WRITER'S RELATION TO HIS CULTURE

EVER SINCE man first paused to look back into history, men have studied the author as a means of understanding the culture and civilization in which he worked. Of all art forms literature has fascinated men the most because of its intensified human element. Literature, more than other modes of expression and communication, has a closer identification with its author or creator and more directly puts forward the unanswerable questions that man has continually asked about man. Yet in order to understand and interpret literature man must know the writer's relation to the culture he represents and tries to express.

This relation is a question more easily answered when applied to the Greek or Roman eras than to conditions today. Particularly in America it is difficult to define "culture." Willa Cather's and Hawthorne's works have very little in common and yet are both expressions of American culture. How can the writer in America today strive for unity of outlook when he is faced with such a cultural disparity in the very sections of the country? Neither do we have a unified religious idea, as the ancients had, or even such as was found in France and England in recent centuries. The audience of the American writer consists of all religious groups, races, nationalities, and heritages. Where again is his unity of appeal? Many writers have dissolved close sectarian ties and evolved their own "religion", usually on a rather vague, but basic, plane. Faulkner defines it as "Man's reminder of his duty inside the human race." Most writers, out of necessity, have broken any so-called class ties and have become part of the group known as the Intelligentsia. However, there is still the problem of general appeal. No longer can a writer reach the minds or emotions of everyone in the way in which Shakespeare was able to. Although this is in large part owing to the lack of a Shakespeare, such universality, nevertheless, would be harder to achieve today.

Nowadays the writer is faced with an audience of "generally-and-equally educated" Americans, who, nevertheless, differ greatly in their literary tastes and standards. The serious writer must compete with movies, television, "Classic" comics, cheap paperbacks, and the sensational foreign novel. In refusing any connection with these, the writer finds himself deprived of the support of a large portion of the paying public, who, unhappily enough, are his source of income. For in America the writer may find for his freely written and uncensored ideas little of the financial aid that is received by some of the publically supported mouthpieces in Russia.

Although he is not an integrated part of society, the writer, nevertheless, finds himself one of the spokesmen for it; and any serious writer feels he must attempt explanation and point direction. He lives and deals with all the problems of man—love, death, society, family, fate. He is John Doe, citizen . . . with a voice. Literature has been defined as "organized embodiments of a large variety of human experience." [1] While he can never exactly mirror life, the writer does preserve society in the sense that we refer to Chaucer and Jane Austin as guideposts to their times.[2] Directly, though, the writer has the power to set a standard —a power which can be used responsibly or shamefully. Although many fictional characters are drawn from life, a surprising number of people look to the characters of novels as models for their lives. Davy Crockett is not exactly a fictional character, but the recent fad serves as an excellent example. Another role of the writer is that of critic. Satire is one of the best weapons of the writer who is concerned with the standards of society—for example, Shaw and Menken.

One wonders what the writer's aims can be when he is faced with conditions such as those in America today, and particularly what ideals the American writer can choose to follow without disavowing the society of which he is a part. In his quest for uniqueness and originality what exactly is the writer aiming for? Max Eastman answered this best when he said, "The imaginative writer—and especially the poet—misunderstands himself if he thinks of his prime office as that of discovering and communicating knowledge. His real function is to make us perceive what we see, imagine what we already, conceptionally or practically, know." [3] But still there is the question of obligation. What is the writer's obligation and to whom? Is he, as Faulkner believes, responsible only to his art? his only obligation to get the work done in whatever way possible? As answer to this I can only cite the example, ironically enough, of

[1] René Wellek and Austin Warren. *Theory of Literature.* New York, 1949, p. 255.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 100.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 24.

a musician, Chopin, and his long fight with George Sand about this very question. George Sand went further than Faulkner, saying that not only is the artist's obligation to his art, but that also, being an artist, he must remove himself far above the people with whom he should then have no connections. But, as some may remember, Chopin finally returned from the secluded island off Spain and, although mortally ill with tuberculosis contracted on the island, continued his dream of a concert tour, playing for the freedom of his Polish people, the music he had composed for them.

NATHALIE HUBBARD, '59

TO CONQUER COMMON SENSE

THERE IS NO prospect which can so arouse my enthusiasm as that of being the recipient of a good, critical, disciplinary lecture. I am, I must confess, especially fond of the formalities which so often accompany this ordeal. For example, there is the summons to battle. This is usually delivered to me by some light-footed messenger authorized for this particular purpose by my virtuous adversary. Naturally, I almost always accept these challenges and agree to appear for combat at a mutually convenient time and place. I do most earnestly appreciate reasonably generous forewarning of these clashes, as this gives me time to plan an effective offense. It is, indeed, extremely disconcerting to be confronted by some great paragon of virtue and, in a moment of utter surprise, have to collect my wits and improvise a temporary defense. The resulting conflict is inevitably rather messy, and, besides, such a disadvantage is hardly sporting. Being a practical-minded individual, I much prefer having an organized, well-thought-out strategy at my disposal.

I fear I am giving the impression that I enjoy these encounters just because they amuse me. Certainly nothing could be farther from the truth! I cannot even begin to express how much the mere contents of these little corrective discourses have enlightened me and ultimately made me a better-informed member of my community. For example, you cannot imagine how many and varied reasons there are that one should absolutely never be tardy to a Monday-morning breakfast. I myself have only recently even begun to grasp the significance of their numbers.

I once read in my *History of the Romans* that the Roman scholars, who were by far the most respected and informed people of their day, wholeheartedly subscribed to the theory that the development of logic and reason were most essential for anybody who would be somebody. (Now, certainly, if anyone should know, it should be the Romans! It really seems a shame they aren't alive today.) These noble Roman scholars would be simply ecstatic over the numerous opportunities for intellectual debate with which I am daily confronted. Finally, when you become so skilled in these arts of rationalization and in the twisting of words that you are able so to confuse your lecturer that he begins to doubt the plausibility of his own arguments and realizes how much more reasonable yours are, then, truly, your efforts are crowned with the ultimate reward.

There are those among you who are possessed of quick tempers and sharp tongues, and these are an everlasting curse upon your associations with your fellow man. I am familiar with your frustrations, for I, too, have known the taskmaster of a sanguine temperament. I bid you, fellow loudmouths, take heart, for, even as I have, so can you find the means to conquer the infirmity of your meaner nature. Sometimes, when I am summoned for reproach and am feeling particularly strong, I don myself in the guise of contrite humility. Though, as I stand before my opponent, eyes downcast, lips pressed white in silent determination, I want to kick myself for being such a pious milktoast. I concentrate instead on the idea of how great a test of self-control I am undergoing. When I am at last dismissed and leave the field in outwardly penitent meditation on my offense, inside my heart is fairly bursting with the awareness of real victory.

I could go on, but I would not rub my point into the dust of sermonizing. However, I would give a word of encouragement to those of you who feel that you have been blessed with slightly more than your share of beneficial reprimands. Do you not see that it is only by such that you are assured of having established your individuality? Never let the world convince you that you are wrong! It is important only that your actions seem reasonable in your own mind. Once you are absolutely sure of this, the world lies open before you.

ANN P. HILL, '59

WISE and OTHERWISE

THE BATTLE

There was a knight in days of old,
Nor better knight than he.
He rode upon a great white horse,
And stood for bravery.

In contrast to this virtuous knight,
There rode with heart of black,
A lusty rogue to evil bound;
All kindness he did lack.

Most grievous for all concerned,
These two bold knights did meet;
And naught did rise betwixt the two
Save violent words and heat.

And dust did rise, by fury bred,
As fought these knights so bold;
And each for glory stood his stead,
The evil Black 'gainst Gold.

Until at last the Gold did cease;
The other stood victorious,
Chortling o'er his victim dead,
Now naught who once was glorious.

And thunder rumbled in the sky,
While lightning flashed o'er all.
And rain poured down from heaven above
To hide this dreadful brawl.

While angels circled overhead
He lay immortal on the land,
The sweetest smile upon his face,
The whitest lily in his hand.

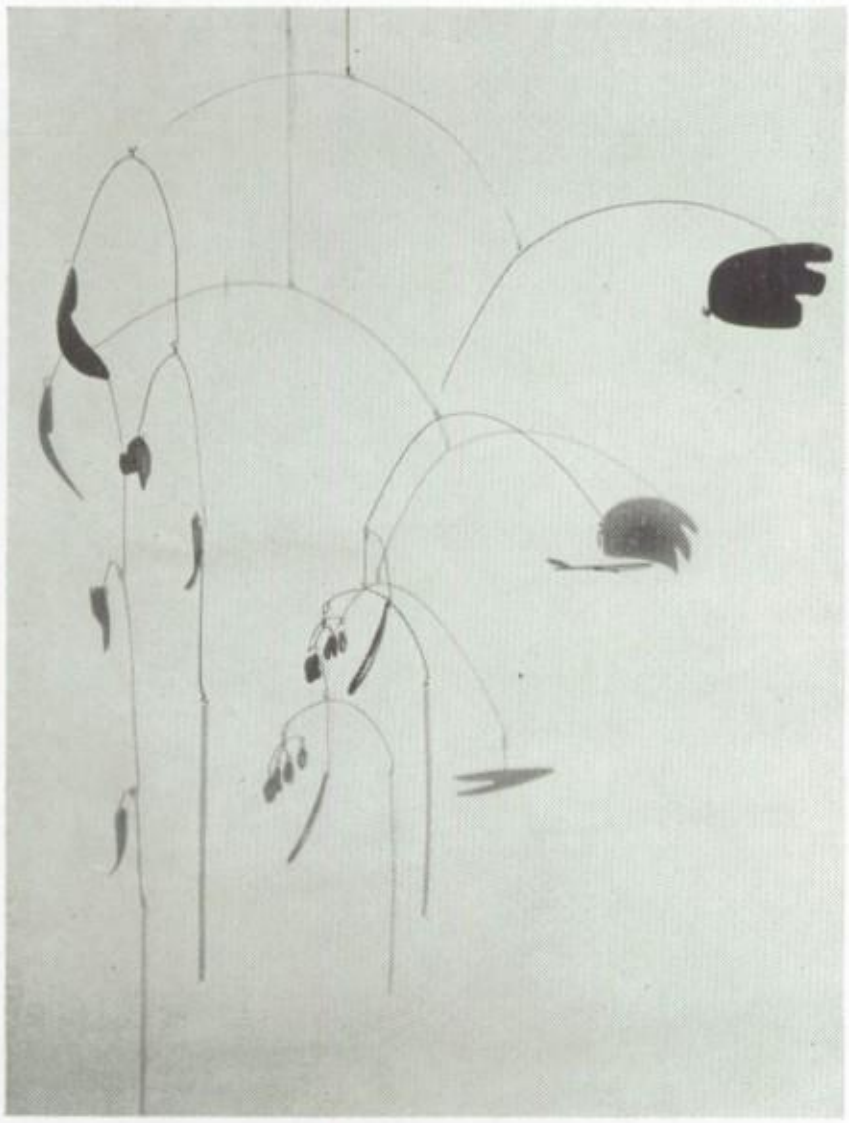
J.McL.K., '60

THE AWESOME APPROACH OF AUTOMATION

Who is master—man or machine?
Man's losing his place, is what I mean.
Machines do their work with such little fuss;
There should be more of them and less of us.
Just flip that switch, or give it a wind—
Much more efficient than a human mind!

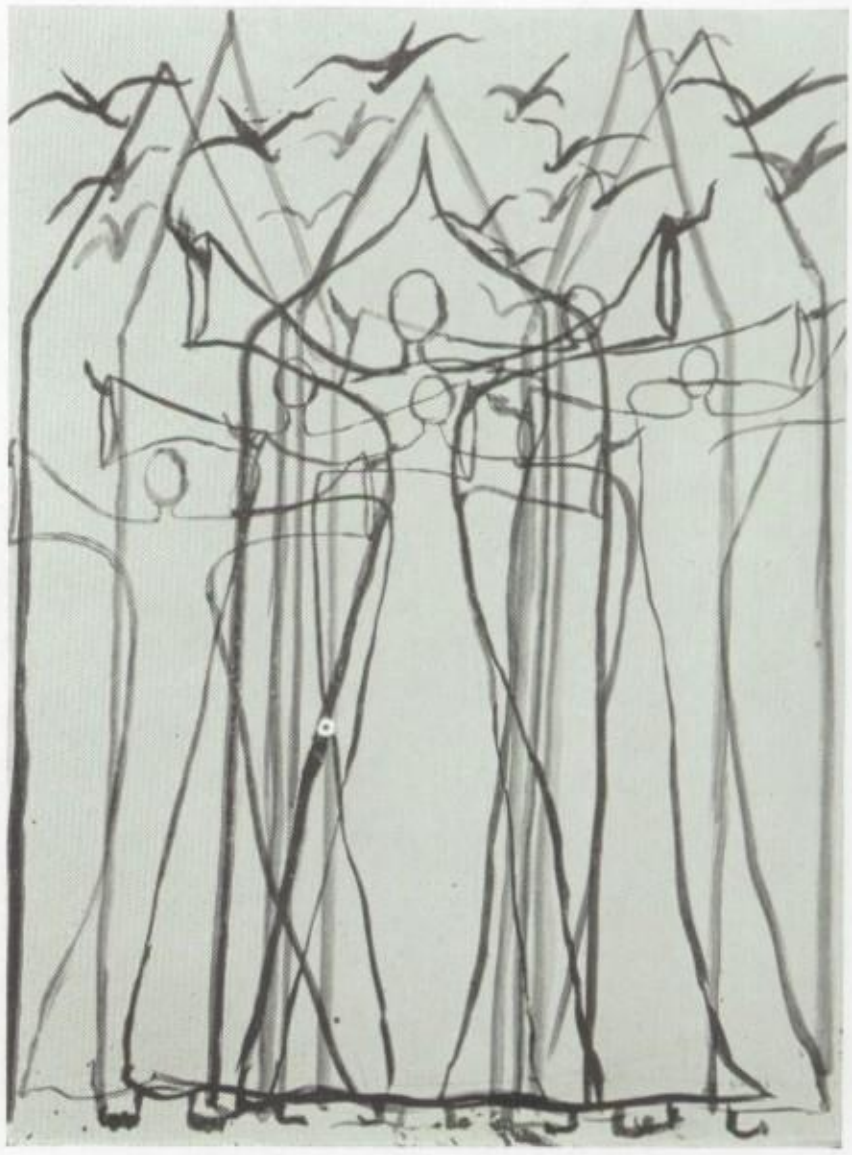
It takes man a long while to come to a boil;
A machine needs only a few drops of oil.
We have to choose—it's either one or the other;
And it's plain to see that we're just a bother.
So why not abolish our foolish race
And let the machine carry on in our place?

N.P.W., '59



Not only the correct technical form and balance, but also the sensitivity of feeling is outstanding in this delicate mobile by Bindy Keyser.

This linear painting by Cynthia Schmidt seems to suggest the multiple personality of St. Francis.



The frankness of expression and the richness of color are the impressive features in this portrait of a young girl by Lawrie Ryerson.

The expression of humble resignation achieved in this portrait of an old woman by Peppi Benson results in a notable characterization.

ALUMNAE

ENGAGEMENTS

Isabelle Carter Crocker (1947) to Charles Cabot Osborne.

Elizabeth Devereux Labouisse (1951) to Dr. Edward Humes Laughlin.

Mary Anderson McBride (1953) to Edgar Conway Felton.

Marjory Blair Scott (1953) to Kenneth Allin Luther.

Lois Amanda Duffey (1955) to Lt. James E. Rutledge.

Anne Simonne Sharp (1955) to Charles Walter Nichols, III.

Katherine Engel Eckfeldt (1955) to Lt. Philip B. Cowles, Jr.

Helen Struthers Harrower (1957) to Frederick E. Gignoux, III.

MARRIAGES

Patricia Mulligan Pierce (1948) to Philip Thomas Briska, March 13, 1959.

Judith DePuy Keating (1952) to James Everett Howe, May 9, 1959.

Celestine Preston Frost (1953) to Francis Pelzer Maybank, January 31, 1959.

Katherine Rowland Lauder (Ex 1953) to Franklin Wellington Durand, March 14, 1959.

Susan Blodgett Lowe (1953) to William Truman Kilbourne, II, April 4, 1959.

Frances Hiam (1954) to Timothy Tenney Holbrook, April 25, 1959.

Marcia Stanley Cowles (1955) to Richard Platt, Jr., February 7, 1959.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Simmons (Barbara Levering, 1941), a daughter, Barbara Levering Simmons, March 3, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Geyelin (Sherman Parker, 1943), a daughter, Cecily Parker Geyelin, March 9, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Sokoloff (Nancy Boyd, 1944), a daughter, Julia Lamont Sokoloff, January 20, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hecht (Anne H. G. Dahlgren, 1943), a son, David Gordon Dahlgren Hecht, March 13, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon K. Ellis (Janet Stewart, 1946), a son, Andrew Kingsley Ellis, March 16, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lindemann (Polly Benua, 1949), a daughter, Emily Lindemann.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hormel (Alice Parker, 1952), a daughter, Elizabeth Marion Hormel, March 19, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond C. S. Finney (Jean Brown, 1954), a son, Redmond Conyngham Stewart Finney, Jr., December 13, 1958.

Dr. and Mrs. Vernon H. Sharp, III (Valeria Parker, 1954), a son, Mark Frederick Sharp, March 20, 1959.

REUNION WEEK

APRIL 28 and 29 were an exciting time for the school. After weeks of planning and discussion, the Board of Governors, the Board of Trustees and the Alumnae finally arrived.

To initiate the festivities, Mrs. Elfring produced an unprecedented buffet including, for dessert, baked Alaska. After supper the school cordially invited everyone to the gym to see several scenes from Dramat's latest theatrical triumph *Fashion* and to hear Choral, Choir and Sextet sing a few numbers. The evening closed with the singing of Brownie-Spider traditionals and included a rousing rendition of the enduring "I Thought I Heard My Grandmother Say".

To everyone's relief, after a week of rainy, dismal weather, Friday dawned clear and warm. The campus justified the tribute recently bestowed by Newsweek, "undoubtedly one of the most breathtaking campuses of girls' schools in the United States". Miss Bement, armed with her Brownie Hawkeye, rushed about snapping candid shots.

This was a particularly long-awaited day for the Sixes, who were to be officially initiated as "Baby Alumnae" at the meeting. In the morning Mrs. Drinker (Sophie Hutchinson, Class of '06) talked to the Sixes about "Colonial Women", a subject about which she has written several books.

Eventually we all met in the Assembly Room, where Mrs. Lamont called the meeting to order, giving a special welcome to reunion classes.

The Sixes were justifiably proud of Lizzy's speech to the Alumnae, in which she explained the class aim of trying to promote unity throughout the school, between the girls themselves and between the girls and the faculty.

Barbi Paton, head of the Alumnae Library, gave a comprehensive report on the library's newest acquisitions and expressed the school's appreciation to the Alumnae for their continuing interest and support. Miss Watkins then made her report.

To those returning after many years, the day no doubt brought back many pleasant memories. Over and over we heard, "Remember how it was when Miss Polly and Miss Sally used to . . ." or "I'll never forget how Miss Fowler would . . ."

For old and new alike, it was an opportunity to meet and talk to those who, though so different in ages, shared a common bond.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Left to right, front row: Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Cox, Mme. André, Mrs. Shipley, Mrs. Finnegan, Miss Leake, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Warner, Miss Glenn, Mr. Knipp.

Second row: Mrs. French, Miss Low, Miss Bradley, Mrs. DeGrange, Mrs. Rhodin, Miss Marshall, Miss Watkins, Mrs. Gatchell, Mrs. Wise, Miss Lavalle.

Third row: Miss Kennedy, Miss Stokes, Mrs. Carritt, Miss Hollman, Miss Kautz, Miss Hood, Miss Bement, Miss Pennington, Mrs. Schroeder, Mr. Lisle.

Missing: Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mlle. Quemet, Mlle. Soubigou, Mr. Griesinger.

CLIPPINGS

CHORAL CONCERT

On Sunday, the 14th of December, the Choral Club gave its annual Christmas program for the school, faculty, and a few guests from the neighborhood. Mrs. Shipley gave her support to help make the concert a success, while Mrs. Norma Lezec and Libbie Gerry provided the accompaniment. About fifteen songs were presented; most of the pieces created a quiet mood, but a note of gaiety was added by "Les Six Tetes" and by "Sleigh Bells", which was accompanied by castinettes and bells to give the effect of clicking hooves and jingling sleighs. It was a most enjoyable evening for everyone.

III'S AND IV'S CHRISTMAS PLAY

Full of Christmas spirits—of the Santa-Claus, jingle-bell vintage—the School eagerly assembled in the Music-Drama Building on December 16th for the III's and IV's Christmas play. Soon after the curtains were drawn the jolly mood subsided and one of reverence took its place, as the action of "A Child is Born" unfolded before us. The innkeeper and his wife, in whose stable Christ was born, were skillfully portrayed by Wendy Urschel and Martha Hatch; the supporting cast was excellent. The play ended with the singing of "O Come All Ye Faithful". The visions of sugar plums soon returned to our minds, but the spirit of the play lingered too.

CHRISTMAS EXHIBIT

Displayed on the second floor at Fowler House were the traditional scenes of the Virgin and the Babe, primarily by such old masters as da Vinci. As a surprise for the school, the art students, with essential help from Mrs. Cox, exhibited their interpretation of the scene, imitating the effect of a stained-glass window. The composition was made of colorful bits of cellophane paper, arranged with a slightly modern tone. Three arches framed the holy figures; angels hovered above, separated by black tape representing the lead joinings. A bright background of red, black, and blue, changing to tones of yellow, pink, and green around the figures, accented the solid forms. The effect was so successful that the exhibit was moved to the Assembly Room, where it was displayed with special lighting.

JANUARY 9 EXHIBIT

It has often been remarked that modern art, in many of its characteristics, resembles primitive art. In the showcase in Fowler House, for the first exhibit of 1959, we were privileged to have the originals of some Pre-Columbian ceramics created in 500 A.D. These figures, from the area of the ancient Colinas and Nayarits in Mexico, are unique in the art of that country. These small sculptures illustrate the timeless imagination of the artist. It was interesting to compare them with the various photographic reproductions of modern sculpture exhibited upstairs. Artists such as Picasso, Lipchitz, and Modiglian create figures strikingly similar to the primitive ones. Quite distinctive in both were the smooth planes, exaggerated features, and block-like forms. These exhibits offered special opportunity for us all, especially those of us who know little about art.

SEMINAR ON ANTARCTICA

This year's Seminar, held over the weekend of January 16, represented well the hard and determined work put into its organization by Mrs. Warner. Our interest in its topic had been stimulated by the recent I.G.Y. Program, the problems

in international law presented by Antarctica and the fact that negotiations for a treaty between interested nations are now being carried on.

Our first speaker on Friday was Mr. Earl Luboeansky of the United States Department of State. Mr. Luboeansky gave us a great deal of background information concerning the early exploration of Antarctica. He also touched upon the economic potentialities of the area, as well as the vital role it plays in weather prediction. He emphasized that the policy of the United States concerning Antarctica is to make no claims and to recognize no claims; our firm intent is to see that the region shall be used only for peaceful purposes. Mr. Luboeansky brought and gave to the school a very useful set of maps of Antarctica, for which we are most grateful.

The second speaker, Mr. Manuel Bianchi, Counselor of the Embassy of Chile, presented the case for his government's claim to a piece of Antarctic territory, pointing out the geographical link between Chile and Antarctica and, in addition, citing the ancient document in which Spain ceded to Chile all land south of Chile as far as the Pole. Unfortunately, Chile's claim in the Palmer Peninsula is disputed by both Argentina and Great Britain. Mr. Bianchi was most charming; he graciously accepted our invitation to supper and afterward answered, as best he could, our many questions.

On Saturday morning Mr. D. L. Benest of the British Embassy opened the program. The British base their claims on the activities accepted in international law as conferring territorial rights: namely, discovery, exploration and effective settlement. We were especially interested to learn that the British have offered to submit their case to the International Court of Justice.

Our last speaker was Mr. Lewis Border, who represented the Australian Embassy. Australia lays claim to more than one-half of Antarctica, basing her rights on acts of exploration.

All of the speakers were generous in answering questions. We were assured of the continuance of the I.G.Y. Program under the S.C.A.R. organization. We felt that we were being given an intimate view of projects which will one day be extremely important, perhaps as a basis for international cooperation as well as scientific research for the benefit of all mankind. Our glimpse into diplomacy and its complexities was really fascinating. We are looking forward to learning of the results of the treaty conference.

THE STEWARD PARTY

On February 7 the Steward Board imported some Russians to aid with the Steward party. They were delightfully domineering as they controlled the dining commune, where the school found that, although they had good old American food, they were faced with a Communistic lack of utensils. During supper the visiting foreigners tried to indoctrinate their "guests" in several ways. A new form of Russian ballet was introduced and a threesome from Siberia sang along with them (in English). A booted and bonneted Russian captain then announced a Communist slogan contest; first prize: a second bowl of coffee jello (for which they were permitted spoons). Further indoctrination followed in the Music Drama Building as the party ended with *Anastasia*.

SIXES' TRIP

On February 28, the Sixes departed for a day of education in Washington and a weekend of culture in Richmond. Leaving Baltimore we experienced feelings of excitement and soon found ourselves in "our nation's capital". We were shown the Taft Memorial, the National Gallery, the Supreme Court and the Washington Monument. We then went to a Congressional committee meeting on Space and Aeronautics. Next on the agenda was a visit to the State Department, where we heard an interesting lecture on Latin America by Mr. Philips.

Then, for the second time this year, Mrs. Chapin found herself beset by thirty-four hungry monsters. The lunch was wonderful and we are sending Mrs. Chapin a Good Housekeeping Seal. Disappointed by learning that Congress wasn't meeting, we went instead to the Pan American Union where we walked under palm trees, talked with parrots, invaded the gift shop and departed for the Capitol. Several groups were formed: some of us went on a guided tour; some accompanied Miss Bradley; and others just went—and for two hours we trudged the "same halls once walked by Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Joseph MacCarthy."

Back to our bus and we were off at last—off

for the "Old Dominion". We stopped for supper in Fredericksburg and then continued to Richmond, where we found our respective families for the ensuing weekend.

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, we found our way back to our bus the next morning and with "George" at the wheel we departed for Williamsburg and Jamestown. We reached Williamsburg at about 11:30 and went to the reception center, where we saw a wonderful movie which managed to instill a little of the colonial spirit in us. We met our guide here, an admirable young lady from Tennessee, who told us to "pick up our feet" once every five minutes but who managed to guide us through the Governor's Palace and Virginia's first capital, in record time. We went to Christina Campbell's Kitchen for a wonderful lunch party given by Mrs. Noland, who had decorated the tables with Spiders and Brownies and blue and white carnations.

Later at Jamestown we saw the ships, fort, Indian village, and the interesting Old World Museum and of course the gift shop from which several of us emerged with spears, Tom-Toms, and other momentos.

Heading back along the James River we reached Charles City and Westover and were shown the lovely eighteenth century house and gardens originally owned by the Byrd family. Then back to Richmond where, after a few minor incidents, we went to the Bryan's house for supper—no flowers but lots of champagne. We all got to bed rather late but sadly enough not late enough to have an excuse for missing the bus back to school at 9:30 the next morning.

FUN NIGHT

On the eve of March 7th those of us who hadn't succumbed to the flu fell victim to the influences of the Beat Generation. After being wined and dined we were entertained by a burlesque of "Oedipus Rex" ("Bunions Dux") by Priscilla Bacon. The theme brightened as we witnessed a scene from "The Reluctant Debutante;" and the party took on an even lighter tone when Choral and Choir sang. Suddenly, with a bang, we were switched to Jamaica, as Misty Stouffer did a wild calypso dance. But the Beat Generation was not to be outdone. Three of the Beat representatives twisted themselves through their own dance, expressing the Beat idea of our doomed world. When the evening came to an end, we reluctantly left the Bohemian atmosphere. Everyone agreed that the Fives had done themselves proud. The Old Girls decided it was the best Fun Night we had ever seen, and the New Girls agreed.

MISS LESLIE FROST

We were extremely privileged to have with us, on April 10th, Miss Leslie Frost, daughter of the great contemporary American poet. A day with Miss Frost is a unique experience. In the morning, visiting various classes, she answered questions and expressed views on poetry, art, and music. Later she offered to read poetry composed by the girls and gave constructive criticism. In the afternoon, Miss Frost talked to the whole school on the topic, "Modern Poetry Looks at the Modern World". In the course of her lecture she discoursed on her father and his poetry, the modern world, her experiences in the State Department's overseas information program, her trip around the world as the result of a casual bet, foreign policy, and education. In addition, she recited poetry and gave us a vivid rendition of "Horatius at the Bridge". Miss Frost has that rare gift of effortlessly presenting a rapid flow of thought-provoking ideas, which she does not linger on, but rather leaves for the listener to put away in his mind and ponder over later.

FASHION

Miss Lavalle is certainly to be congratulated for successfully stepping in in *Fashion*—as director, that is. A satire on the mores of society in the 1850's, *Fashion* delighted its audience from beginning to end. Diana Walker (as Mrs. Tiffany, one of the fashionable elite) and Sue Baker (as Adam Truman, a straight-grained American) headed a cast which included demoiselle Flossie Bryan (the ingenue), and Babs Currier as a handsome colonel (her dashing suitor). Villainy stalked in the form of a sinister confidential-clerk, Snobson, and a foreign "importation", Count Jolimaître. (Names have been withheld to protect Vee Valentine and Connie Tenney.)

Perfection was the keynote—in costuming, lighting, and settings, as well as in casting. We will never forget "the rose among lesser flowers."

ART NEWS

Paintings by students added a decorative touch to the halls of Fowler House during the winter term. The five pictures reproduced in this issue of *The Steward* represent but a small part of our creative activity this year. In the showcase was displayed an arrangement of clay figures by Lawrie Ryerson and Karin Myrin, clay bowls by Cynthia Schmidt, and mobiles by Bindy Keyser and Margo Camp. Geometrical designs in interwoven colors were painted by Margo Camp, Avery Poor, and Debby Pease, each with a different approach. The Fives produced not only with quality, but also in quantity. A variety of mediums was used: Bindy Keyser worked with casine paints to depict a seashore strewn with drying fish nets; Karin Myrin's oil painting of a sailor was produced with a palette knife (which Vee Valentine also used with great dexterity in two pictures). Nancy Hollingsworth made effective use of gold and orange tones in her "Spanish City". Forceful painting is evident in the strength of character in two portraits by Mary Dickerman and in Tappy Lynn's attempt to portray the abstraction, "Progress". The violent motion of Nancy Rowe's "Dancing Devils" contrasts with the more static character of these other subjects. Mary Bonsal created a colorful picture of the blending hues in the feathers of a crow. Margo Geer's oil painting of tropical flowers was the gayest of all.

Coincidentally, *Newsweek* published an article on Spain at the time Mrs. Cox mounted her next exhibit, which presented some of the work of Spain's three greatest painters. Velasquez's "Innocent III", Goya's "Royal Family", and El Greco's "View of Toledo" highlighted the exhibit. The quality of Mrs. Cox's imagination was further attested by the light and magical arrangement of colored paper birds and small china bowls in the showcase. Varied heights and colors gave it an airy quality, augmented by a design of milkweed seeds and delicate ferns beneath two glass plates.

The April exhibition, entitled, "Visual Presentation of Selected Mathematical Topics", consisted of illustrative diagrams of theorems drawn on colored construction paper. In the showcase an arrangement of natural objects of various shapes—such as oval, polished stones—served also to illustrate the idea of form.

The last exhibition was a collection of reproductions of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting. Some work of artists still living was included. The ceramics in the showcase consisted mostly of an odd and varied collection of heads, done by the students, as a last example of the year's prolific activity.

The innovation of renting a painting from the Baltimore Museum of Art for display purposes was a success: it aroused attention both critical and enthusiastic. The painting by Ippolita, an abstraction derived from a landscape, whose mellow blues are balanced by spots of contrasting color, created a cheery atmosphere for the dining room, where it was on exhibit.

CHORAL

On Saturday afternoon, the second of May, St. Tim's was suddenly invaded by a host of young gentlemen—Choral was to have a joint concert with Gilman that night and a rehearsal was absolutely necessary beforehand. So for two hours we rehearsed and then, with "alleluias" still ringing, we had a Sadie Hawkins Day special, and the young ladies, with boys in tow, headed in to supper.

After a wonderful buffet on the lawn, boys and girls separated, not to meet again until that fateful moment when the concert started with the singing of "Be Strong". Then for the next hour and a half the audience was treated to a concert by the members of Choral, the Gilman Glee Club, St. Tim's Choir, Sextet and the Travelling Men (all lifting their voices in delightful melody). The concert ended with Randall Thompson's "Alleluia Chorus", and then a small party was held in the Sixes' Room. Libbie Gerry played "The Bumble Boogie", and other pieces in a similar tempo. A few less religious songs were sung until the Travelling Men travelled on.

MR. ROBERT GERLE

On the afternoon of May 3, St. Timothy's had the privilege of hearing Mr. Robert Gerle play a number of selections for violin with accompaniment. His varied and well-selected program included work by Vivaldi, Beethoven, DeFalla, and, in a lighter vein, several Rumanian dances by Bartok. Mr. Gerle, a Hungarian, played a rare Stradivarius; he was accompanied by Mr. Louis Shub, an accomplished pianist. We are extremely grateful for having heard Mr. Gerle, a rare opportunity, and look forward to his appearances with the Philadelphia Orchestra next season.

PIANO RECITAL

On Saturday, May 9, the piano students gave their annual concert. The variety of the program allowed the performers to display their individual accomplishments. Lowell Belin, Cynthia Johnson and Polly Bartholomew were particularly outstanding, and Kitty Bramwell distinguished herself by her playing of Chopin's "Nocturne in E-Flat". Mr. Griesinger and Mrs. Shipley had a right to be proud, as the rest of the school was very impressed with the evening's performance.

On May 17 Libbie Gerry gave a solo concert, a great achievement for a music student here at school. Her program, in a variety of tempos, ranged from Beethoven and Debussy to Gershwin and Rachmaninoff. As ever, we were delighted when, as an encore, she played "Bumble Boogy".

DR. MOON

St. Timothy's settled its brains for a scientific discussion when they heard that Dr. Moon was coming to talk on May 13. Dr. Moon, a professor at The University of Chicago, teaches a class in mathematical logic to a group of students between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. Although this made us feel rather ignorant, we were substantially more informed when Dr. Moon finished telling us of his work on the development of the atomic bomb. During the war he worked on the highly secret Manhattan Project and felt deeply the weighty responsibility of giving the world such a destructive weapon as the atom bomb. After sketching a clear picture of the attitude of the men who worked on the project, he summed up what he considered to be our moral challenge in the Space Age. It was interesting that, although as a scientist Dr. Moon understands the realms into which our discoveries have led us, he is yet thoroughly convinced that these same discoveries should have no weakening effect on our religious faith.

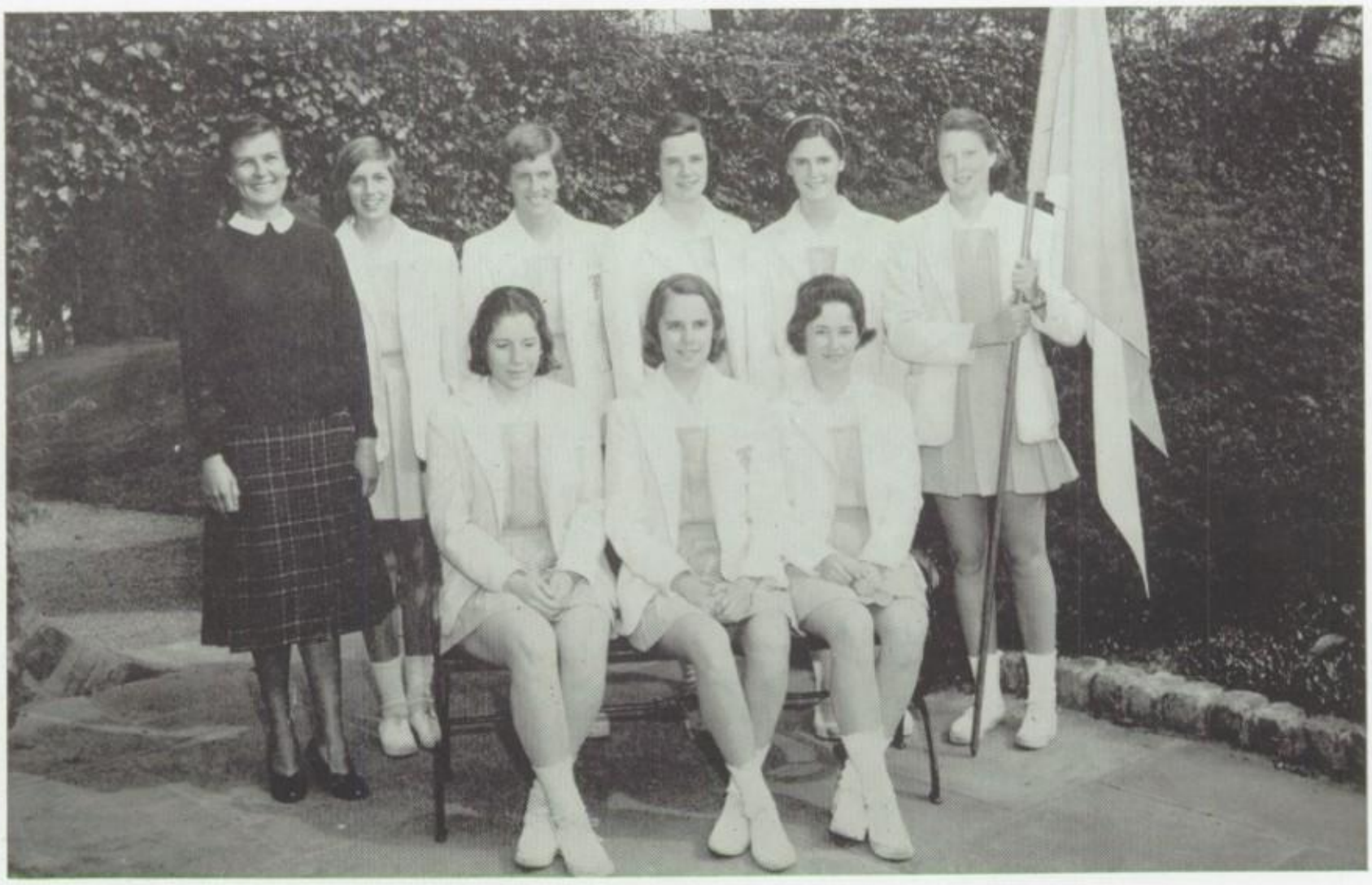
On Thursday Dr. Moon attended some of the Sixes' Biology, Mathematics, and Physics classes. Greatly to the interest of the members of Mrs. Palmer's senior class (and Mrs. Palmer), Dr. Moon conducted a typical class in mathematical logic, introducing us to truth tables; at the end of forty minutes we had really learned something. In the senior science classes he answered all questions offered by the class and particularly enlightened everyone on the principle of the atom bomb. Dr. Moon's valuable knowledge and his good humor and obvious enjoyment of his work greatly stimulated the growing scientific interest at St. Tim's.

DR. STERRETT

On May 13, Dr. Sterrett, rector of The Emmanuel Church in Baltimore, came to St. Timothy's to speak to the Sixes—an annual event. This year we entertained him at supper in the Sixes' Room, which provided an enjoyable, informal atmosphere. He based his talk on the Problem of Evil and read several passages from Archibald MacLeish's play, *J.B.* His explanation of Job's ability to accept and love God in spite of the terrible suffering which he had endured was very meaningful. Earlier in the year Dr. Sterrett spoke to us on Hinduism, and he was able to refer to some of his previous remarks, making the discussion all the more valuable to us. The Sixes really appreciate the time that Dr. Sterrett has given them this year and hope that future classes may have the same opportunity.

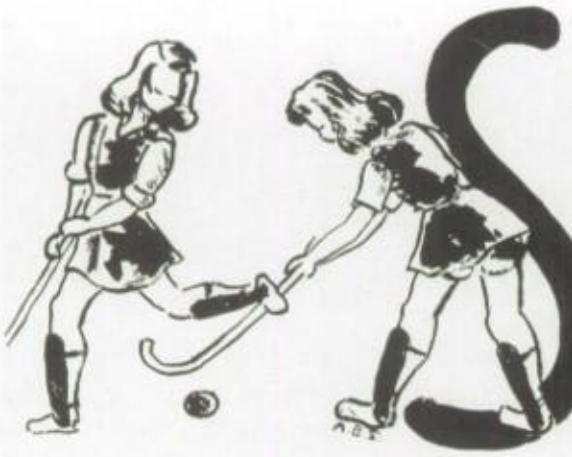
HOCKEY VARSITY

Left to right, front row: Margie Thouron, Jane Choate, Daisy Beatty (Captain), Patsy Blake, Cornie Gerry.
Back row: Priscilla Work, Patty Hurlbut, Mary Dickerman, Alloe Enos, Lowell Belin, Libbie Gerry.



BASKETBALL VARSITY

Left to right, seated: Amy Chapin, Lisa Bailey, Margie Thouron.
Standing: Miss Stokes, Babs Currier, Lanse Rowan, Polly Bartholomew, Mary Buford Bocock, Jane Choate (Captain).



SPORTS

BASKETBALL VARSITY—1959

Forwards
Jane Choate, Captain
Lisa Bailey
Margaret Thouron
Lanse Rowan
Guards
Polly Bartholomew
Mary Buford Bocock
Babs Currier
Amy Chapin
Honorary Mention
Margo Langenberg

ST. JAMES *January 21*

On January 21, we opened our basketball season with our annual practice game against St. James, a group of women amateur basketball players who take on anyone who will play them. This year, as always, our team was out to beat them, a feat that we have accomplished only once in ten years. The game began at a lightning pace, but our team was not letting any advantages escape and the score at the half was fairly close, 12 to 15, in favor of St. James. After that, though, the pace began to slow down our players and the St. James team pulled ahead with amazing ease and confidence. In spite of our dogged battling, the score at the end was 24 to 36. The game was extremely well played for a first game, with many shots by the forwards. However, the guards were more than outstanding in their persistent interference in the passes of St. James and in tying the ball.

HANNAH MORE *February 6*

Our first inter-school game of the season was against Hannah More, and was played in our gym. The team was surprisingly calm, considering this was their first test as a team; they settled down after the first few minutes. Janie Choate started the scoring with three foul shots; then Lanse Rowan dropped a well-placed shot into the basket and St. Tim's was off to win. The score at the half was 21 to 6 in our favor, with nine baskets by Janie Choate and excellent interception and blocking of the ball by the nimble guards.

In the second half, the forwards changed their tactics and Lanse Rowan and Lisa Bailey made several graceful long shots. The passing of both forwards and guards was well coordinated, and Polly Bartholomew, Mary Bocock, Babs Currier, and substitute Alloe Enos made superb efforts in jumping to intercept the ball. All were slightly confused by the three-minute ruling on the key under the basket; but the game was well played and the final score was 33 to 9 in favor of St. Tim's.

ROLAND PARK *February 13*

Our second opponents were Roland Park, and the game was played on our court. The team was slightly nervous at the start, but after a few tussels with the Roland Park girls, they all settled down and began to concentrate on penetrating their defenses. Janie Choate swept in among their guards to make many lay-ups and Lisa Bailey balanced these with a graceful long shot. The guards never allowed a dull moment and persistently tied the ball or intercepted the passes of the Roland Park forwards. The score at the half was 23 to 9 in our favor.

In the second half, guards Babs Currier, Mary Bocock, and substitute Amy Chapin collaborated against Roland Park and constantly stole the ball from them. Margie Thouron seemed to take inspiration from their efforts and scored three graceful baskets. The fact that the ball stuck in the net after every basket didn't bother St. Tim's; we won with a rousing score of 40 to 18.

BRYN MAWR *February 20*

We faced Bryn Mawr in our third game of the season. Tension played an important role in the game because a cup is traditionally awarded to the winners. In general the game was fast and rough, with Bryn Mawr proving to be slightly the better team. St. Tim's gave them a tough battle for the cup, though, and the scores were never very far apart. Lisa Bailey and Janie Choate scored baskets both from the center of the court and from right under the basket in attempts to elude the opponents. As fast as we evened up the score, they pulled away; the only time we were able to edge ahead was once in the last quarter, and that was due to the large number of foul shots. By this point in the game, and the spectators were ready to begin playing themselves, and the cheering drowned out the referees' whistles. When the referees succeeded in gaining control again, we had to substitute forward Cornie Gerry as a guard, because all the others had fouled out. The game was exceedingly fast and well fought, and the guards should be congratulated on their success in intercepting and fighting for the ball, which held down Bryn Mawr's scoring. However, Bryn Mawr won by a close 39 to 36. The closeness of the score and the outstanding playing of our team made the game almost a victory in the minds of our players and certainly made them more determined to regain the cup next year.

OLDFIELDS *March 2*

Our game against Oldfields was held on a Monday because of the Sixes' trip to Richmond, but thanks to that trip, most of the team escaped flu except Lisa Bailey who was replaced by Lanse Rowan. Oldfields brought no spectators because of the outbreak of flu here, and thus had no cheering section to spur them on. Surprisingly enough, the game was smoothly played and there were only a few fouls, in contrast to former games. The players were relaxed, but on their toes, and the combination made the game a steady one. Margie Thouron was especially notable for the number of baskets she made, and the grace and skill she displayed in shooting and jumping up to get the ball. Lanse Rowan and Janie Choate also played steady, consistent games and the forwards were well coordinated.

The guards were also working well as a team and Babs Currier constantly surprised Oldfields' forwards by unexpectedly stealing the ball from them. Mary Bocock also kept leaping into the air to snare the ball and frustrate their forwards. In the last quarter, Mary Bocock exchanged positions with Lanse Rowan, who played well as a guard, too. The score at the half was 21-9 and at the end 45-14, in favor of St. Tim's. Oldfields was certainly a game opponent.

GARRISON FOREST *March 6*

The climax of our basketball season was our game with Garrison Forest. Our varsity had been quite handicapped during the preceding week owing to the flu, but they were all present to start, except Lisa Bailey, whose place was taken by Lanse Rowan. Janie Choate had sprained her ankle slightly, but started the game anyway. Our team began bravely by making a basket in the first seconds of the game, but then Garrison pulled ahead. Margo Langenberg soon relieved Janie Choate, who went out to rest her ankle. By the half, we had regained lost ground and the score was 16-16 after three baskets skillfully scored by Margie Thouron and five by Lanse Rowan. At the opposite end of the court, Amy Chapin and Priscilla Work replaced Babs Currier and Polly Bartholomew, but Garrison's forwards were quite tall and executed excellent passing. All the guards, especially Mary Bocock, performed magnificently, intercepting passes and tying the ball, time after time.

In the third quarter, St. Tim's again dropped almost ten points behind. Then Janie Choate came in again and the forwards went to town. Lanse Rowan scored fourteen points in the last half, bringing her total up to twenty points for the game and tying the score. Finally, in the last few seconds of the game she scored a foul shot that won the game for us, 42-41. This expertly played game was a fitting climax to a very successful basketball season.

JUNIOR VARSITY

The Junior Varsity also had a successful season. Led by Captain Alloe Enos, they played three games and won three games. The first was against Roland Park. The second one, against Friends, was characterized by good passing, intercepting and jumping by both forwards and guards, especially Alloe Enos, Lowell Belin, and Cornie Gerry. The score was 23-20. In the last game, against Oldfields, the final score was a close 27-25. The whole team played well together, and the passing was excellent, especially by Patty Hurlbut. The J.V. this year brought themselves well-earned glory.

BROWNIE TEAM

Left to right, front row: Edie Sedgwick, Jane Choate (Captain), Margie Thouron.
Middle row: Priscilla Bacon, Peppi Benson, Toddy Callaway.
Back row: Mary Bonsal, Polly Bartholomew, Babs Currier.

SPIDER TEAM

Left to right, front row: Sue Baker, Daisy Beatty (Captain), M. J. Noland.
Middle row: Patty Hurlbut, Lanse Rowan, Lisa Bailey.
Back row: Mary Buford Bocock, Alloe Enos, Priscilla Work.

RIDING

Our first Spring horse show was the P.H.A. Schooling Show held on April 19 at the Elkridge-Harford Hunt Club, where the school was represented by five eager, but not too successful, riders. However, the real interscholastic competition began on May 2 with the McDonogh Horse Show. The five riders representing the school brought home six ribbons, an admirable way to begin the show season. Jean Gibb won a third in the Working Hunters, a fourth in the Jumpers and a fifth in the F.E.I. class. Margo Humphrey took a fourth in the F.E.I. also, and she and Jean placed fifth in the Pairs of Hunters. We are now anticipating a three-day-event-in-one-day on May 8 at Garrison Forest. This is a new event in the interschool competition and promises to be interesting and challenging. The Interscholastic Horse Show is to be held at McDonogh on May 16 and the schedule will be rounded out with the St. Timothy's Show on May 20. Much thanks go to Mrs. French for her enthusiasm and persistence in remodeling the show ring, preparing a second show ring and a dressage ring, and in encouraging the school team to do their best in all the shows.

TENNIS

The tennis season has been very successful for St. Tim's this spring, as our players have won all the matches they have played. Our first victory was at Roland Park, where Patsy Blake played especially well and defeated a former Maryland Junior-Champion. Next our team played Bryn Mawr and then Oldfields, and also won all matches. We have yet to play Garrison Forest, but hope we can continue our good record.

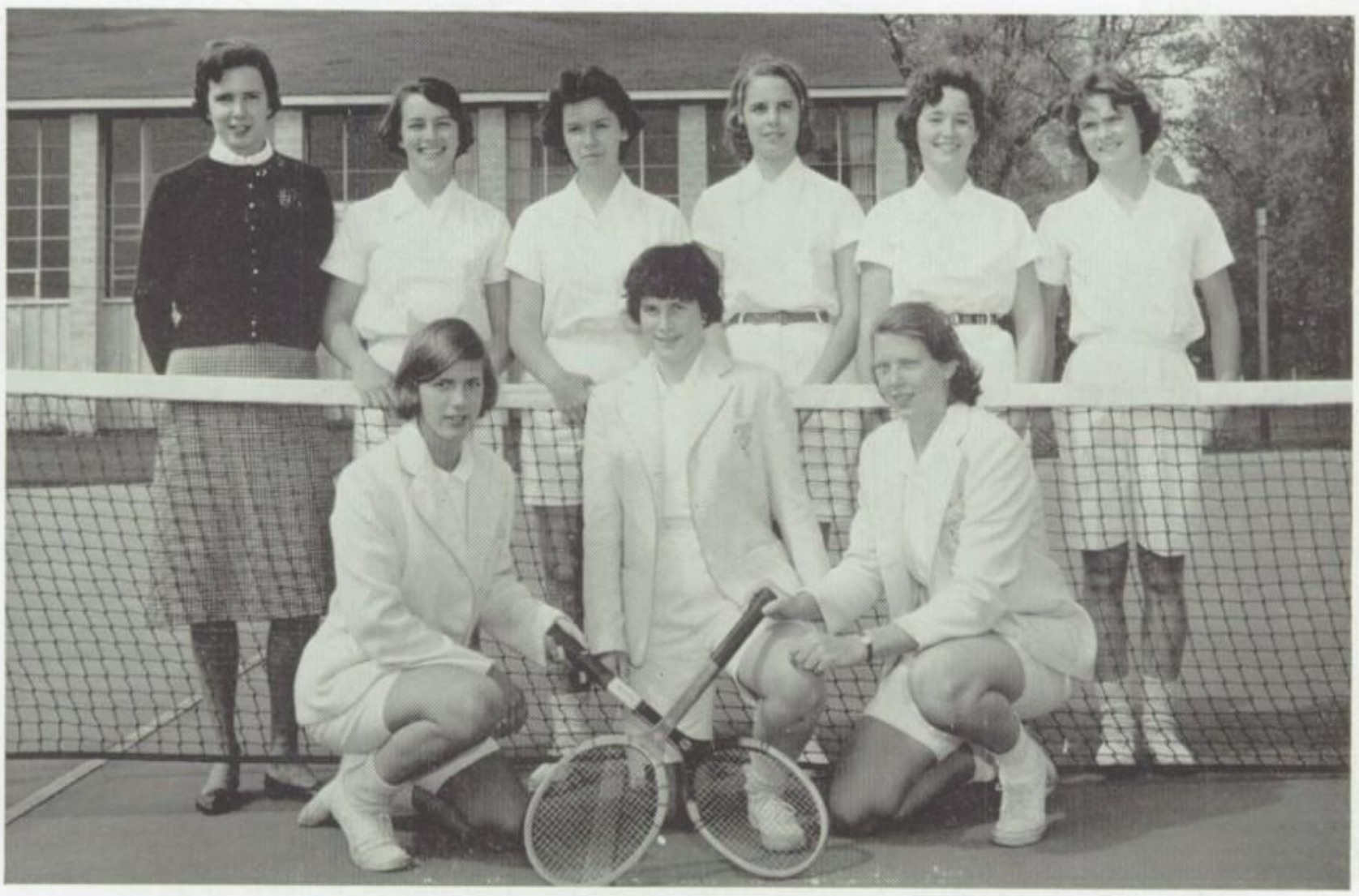
The Interscholastic Tennis Matches, in which many Baltimore schools compete, have been held at Friends and Roland Park this year. Patsy Blake won all three of her matches and emerged with a splendid gold trophy; the Doubles team—Janie Choate and Pixie Eaves—was also victorious. This is the second year in a row that we have won the silver Doubles cup; if we win it for a third time next year, we shall be allowed to retire the cup. We all have high hopes of doing just this.

CHEERLEADERS

Left to right: Nina Washburn (Head), Ann Hill, Lizzy Huger, Betsey Pinckney, Isobel Brawley, Key Watts.

RIDING CLUB

Left to right, front row: Mary Bonsal, Mary Buford Bocock, Amanada Schiffer (Head), Patsy Blake.
Back row: Margo Humphrey, Karin Myrin, Sarah West.
Missing: Barbi Coleman.



TENNIS TEAM

Left to right, back row: Miss Kennedy, Pixie Eaves, Marilee Eaves, Lisa Bailey, Margie Thouron, Cornie Gerry.
Front row: Babs Currier, Patsy Blake (Captain), Jane Choate.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Left to right, bottom steps: Vee Valentine, Wendy Urschel, Cynthia Johnson, Betsey Pinckney, Robin Rees, Karin Myrin, Misty Stouffer, Lucile Davis, C. B. Betner, Sue Baker, Diana Walker, Flossie Bryan (Head).

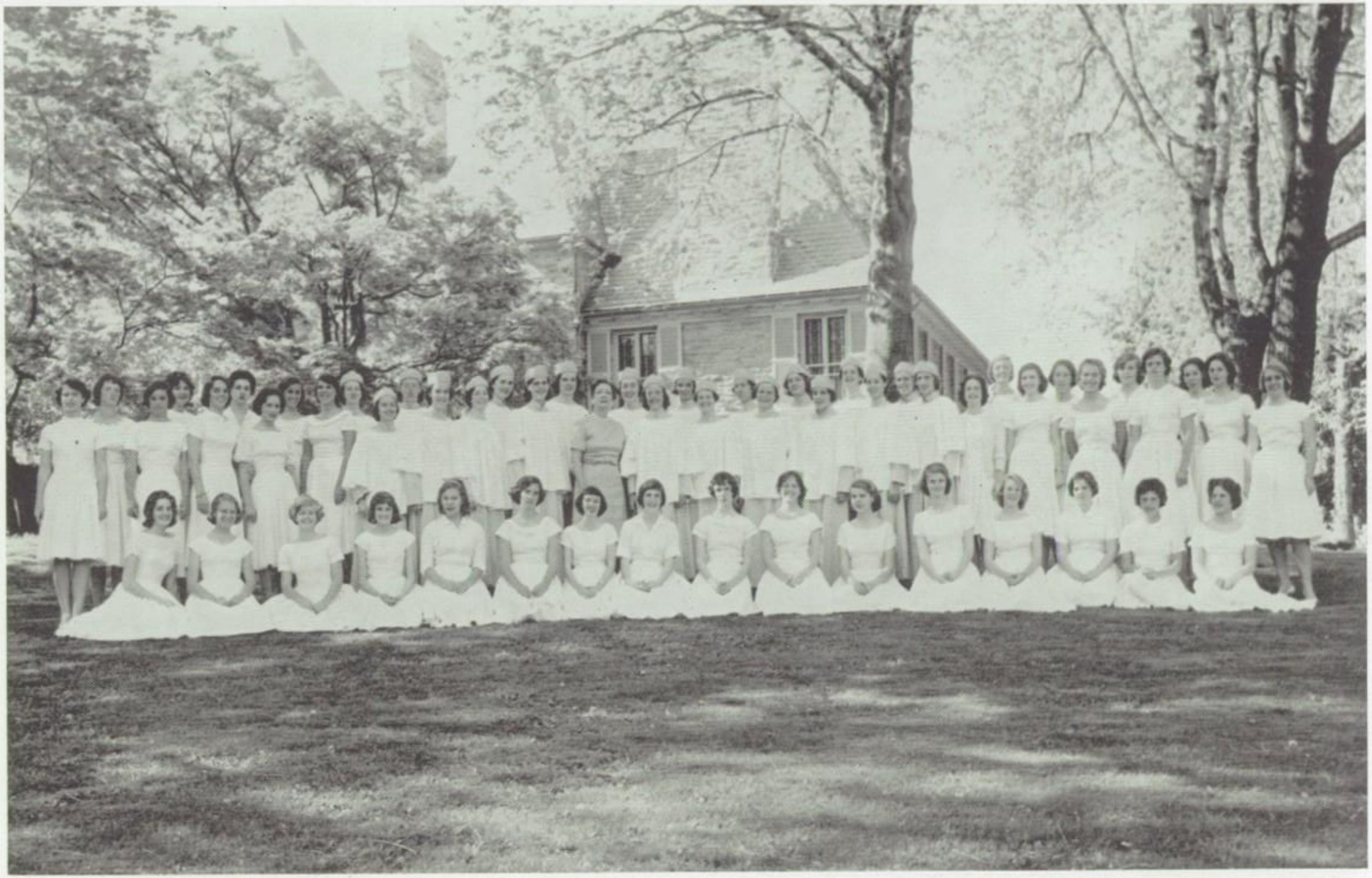
Left to right, top steps: Connie Bigelow, Nina Washburn, Mary Dickerman, Nancy Rowe, Kath Emmet, Babs Currier, Connie Tenney.

STAGE CREW

Left to right, back row: Lowell Belin, Bitsy Simmons, Lawrie Ryerson, Marilee Eaves, Tabby Cummings, Amy Chapin, Molly Earle, Nancy Johannsen, Vicki Wesson, Amanda Schiffer (Head).

Front row: Kathy Sanger, Lea Carson, Muffie Brown, Bindy Keyser, Tappy Lynn, Margo Humphrey, Lin Johnston.

Missing: Janie Hamill.



CHORAL AND CHOIR

Left to right, front row: Nathalie Hubbard, Toddy Callaway, Muffie Brown, Avery Poor, Francie Jackson, Joanie Fleischmann, Connie Bigelow, Lea Carson, Martha Hatch, Margo Head, Vee Valentine, Carlile Lowery, Sybil Miller, Becky Eckfeldt, Key Watts, Daisy Beatty.

Second row: Lawrie Ryerson, Edith Gwathmey, Edie Sedgwick, Carol Converse, Priscilla Work, Flossie Bryan, Maggie Chase, Bebe Taylor, Sally Derby, Alloe Enos, Lizzy Huger, Jane Choate, Monty Watkins, Bindy Keyser, Kitty Bramwell, Mary Buford Bocock (Head of Choral), Polly Bartholomew, Mrs. Shipley, Lucile Davis, Libbie Gerry (Head of Choir), Misty Stouffer, Patsy Brawley, Juliet Patterson, Janie Hamill, Kathy Sanger, Lin Johnston, Isobel Brawley, Cynthia Johnson, Eddie Ducey, Babs Currier, Mimi Ryerson, Molly Earle, Missy Hutchins, Patty Hurlbut, Ann Hill, Lowell Belin, Barbi Colman, Amy Chapin, Peppi Benson, Ethel Ryerson.

CLASS FIVE

Left to right, front row: Kath Emmet, Kathy Sanger, Nancy Rowe, Nancy Hollingsworth, Lowell Belin, Tappy Lynn, Tyler Wilbur, Marilee Eaves, Vicki Dawley, Lisa Bailey, Priscilla Bacon, Ellen Paul, Becky Eckfeldt, Lawrie Ryerson, Bindy Keyser, Cynthia Schmidt.

Second row: Sally Derby, Mary Lee Skinner, Karin Myrin, Adele Brown, Marty Wheatland, Meg Libby, Diana Walker, Connie Tenney, Polly Walker, Mary Dickerman, Jane Kennedy, Cynthia Johnson, Alison Chase, Ellen Brown, Misty Stouffer, Nancy Johannsen, Key Watts, Margie Thouron, Sandra Rowe, Margo Humphrey, Judy Evans, Patty Hurlbut.

CLASS FOUR

Left to right, front row: Robin Rees, Toddy Callaway, Missy Hutchins, Pixie Eaves, Deedee Swasey, Margo Camp, Janie Hamill, Virginia Hunton, Martha Hatch, Joan Fussell, Cornie Gerry, Lea Carson, Muffie Brown.

Second row: Kathy Record, Karen Bahnson, Debby Pease, Vicki Wesson, Lin Johnston, Joanie Fleischmann, Juliet Patterson, Darcy Fisher, Wendy Urschel, Page Garrity, Betsey Pinckney, Edith Gwathmey, Ethel Ryerson, Patsy Brawley.

Back row: Robbin Blaine, Bebe Taylor, Lanse Rowan, Sarah West, Eddie Ducey, Phyllis Denny, Molly Earle, Isobel Hayes. *Missing:* Les Borland.

CURRENT EVENTS BOARD

Left to right, front row: Priscilla Work, Sue Baker (Head), Ann Hill, Betsy Watts.
Back row: Polly Walker, Nancy Rowe, Lanse Rowan, Vicki Dawley, Diana Walker.

SEXTET

Left to right, front row: Libbie Gerry, Misty Stouffer, Isobel Brawley.
Back row: Kitty Bramwell, Babs Currier, Mary Buford Bocock (Head).

CLASS THREE

Left to right, front row: Rossie Reed, Margo Langenberg, Margo Head, Sybil Miller, Avery Poor, Wendy Wadsworth, Jean Gibb.

Back row: Linda Clark, Carlile Lowery, Laine Dickerman, Edie Sedgwick, Monty Watkins.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors wish to thank everyone who helped with the large amount of typing necessary for both issues of *The Steward*. The senior typing class was indispensable; but thanks also go to Wendy Urschel and Molly Earle, who helped when the class was especially rushed.

The editors also wish to express their appreciation to Babs Currier, Amy Chapin, Polly Bartholomew, Tabby Cummings, Connie Bigelow, and M. J. Noland who helped up tremendously with the bulk of proofreading.

We wish to acknowledge the following illustrations: Connie Bigelow's, on page 41; Cynthia Schmidt's, on page 45; and Connie Bigelow's on page 51.

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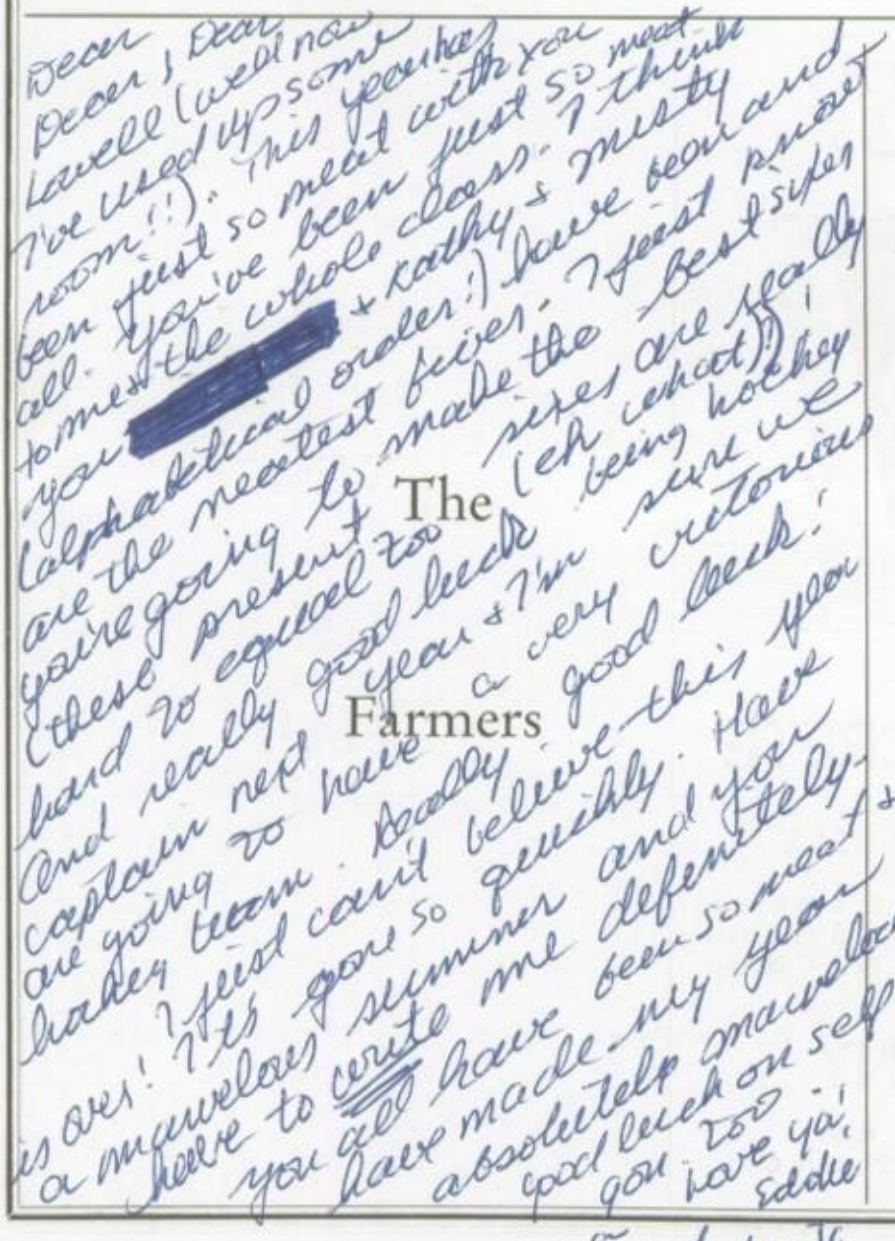
Dear Dear
Lavelle (well now
I've used up some
room!). This year has
been just so neat with you
all. You've been just so neat
to me & the whole class. I think
you're the greatest & Kathy & Misty
are the neatest fellers. I feel privileged
to have you as my teacher. Best sister
are going to make the
these present too (eh what?) I
and really good teach being hockey
captain next year & I'm sure we
are going to have a very victorious
hockey team. Daddy good luck!
yes! I just can't believe this year
is over! It's gone so quickly. Have
a marvelous summer and you
here to write me definitely-
you all have been so neat &
have made my year
absolutely marvelous
good luck on self
you too
love ya,
Eddie
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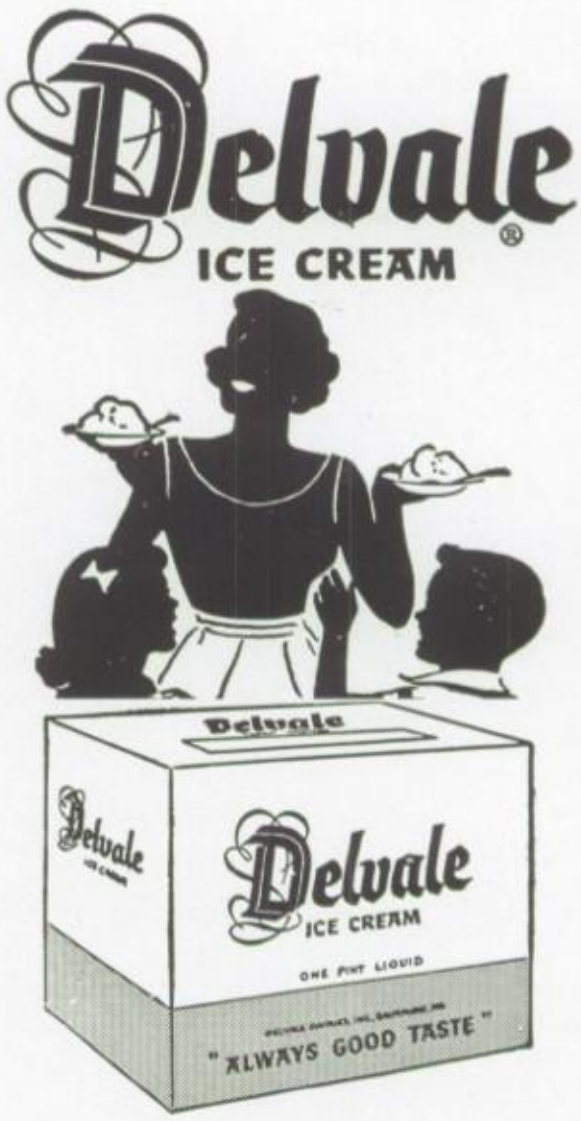

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Providence, R. I.

Dear Lowell!!

Well - how does it feel almost being a six?? and Hockey Captain?? and person. cut self. now? I really think that's terrific. and you're the perfect girl for all those jobs! No joke! and I'm sure you'll really do them all really really well - (I'll be watching you)! Have a good fun summer - which I know you will - how can you not?! and tell us all THREE about it next fall - if you have any time at all - I'll see you bright and early on the MOONEYS wonderful late September morning when we all hit the school - meanwhile have a blast - much, much love to a wonderful girl -

Lisa

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Dear Beel-babe,

Even tho' my writing is going to get illegible I'm going to write your take-off no matter whether you can read it or not.

Actually, it would be rather fun if you could-nt read it and you were frantic all summer to know what I said and then you cornered me when I get back to school to read it to you and I could-nt read it myself but chuckle heh!? Well here goes something, nothing or/and anything.

The scene is set; it is just that SALUTE green-grey curtain, for our Lowell likes things set, the house lights are low and from somewhere in the far away blue of St. Jim's mount comes the soft melodic ocene reaches our ears — could it be, no! — why it might — but how could it be — how could anyone have discovered that her favorite tune was "Jammy" — but you're right, it is "Jammy, Jammy, Jammy's in Love. The old hooty ool hooty-hoos to the dove — Jammy Jammy Jammy's in love." ♪ ♪ ♫ ♩

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Dear Angel(?),
That name is to get you prepared for next yr. You must really be an angel - or maybe I should say an extra good devil. Really - really terrif about hockey - read us to a wow! wow! victory season. - and you can make me [illegible]umer - would make the games long until we won - isn't that the way the rule book reads. Really getting scared about next yr. - rings(?) responsibility and all - but I know you will be a great and very [illegible] responsible member of self.gov. -
If you get up Maine way this summer I am requiring you to stop in and see us. That is an order - See - wow I have so much influence. my hr. of power - no seriously it has been a really great yr. and do stop in if you are if Maine — Sorrento is the name of the place — love to, [illegible] Vicki

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THE NORTH SHALL NEVER FALL

THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN

sorry!!

Dear Lowell, Beal - ect

Am so excited your all more things you are next year going to have so much fun. Notice where I'm signing. I'm just so excited about Thanksgiving we are going to win I know. Coach is really been great knowing you this year rooming down the hall to be cheering for you. for Switchboard (Wait - there my voice leaves me) Oh! Elaine I'm so excited about next year - we got to be near each other some where. OK? Can't wait to meet your sister. I know she'll be Terrific just like you dear. well! This is so inspired I must I stop Please write if you get a chance + really have a great summer.

Love) Ley

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Dear Lowell,
that is really
Sharp about you
gett.n Cap!! Boy. I
bet you are goin to be a
real cool one. I can't wait
to meet your sis. I heard she was
a real neat kid.

Blasting off

Margo L. (a St. Louis cutie)